

PLUCK AND LUCK

STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

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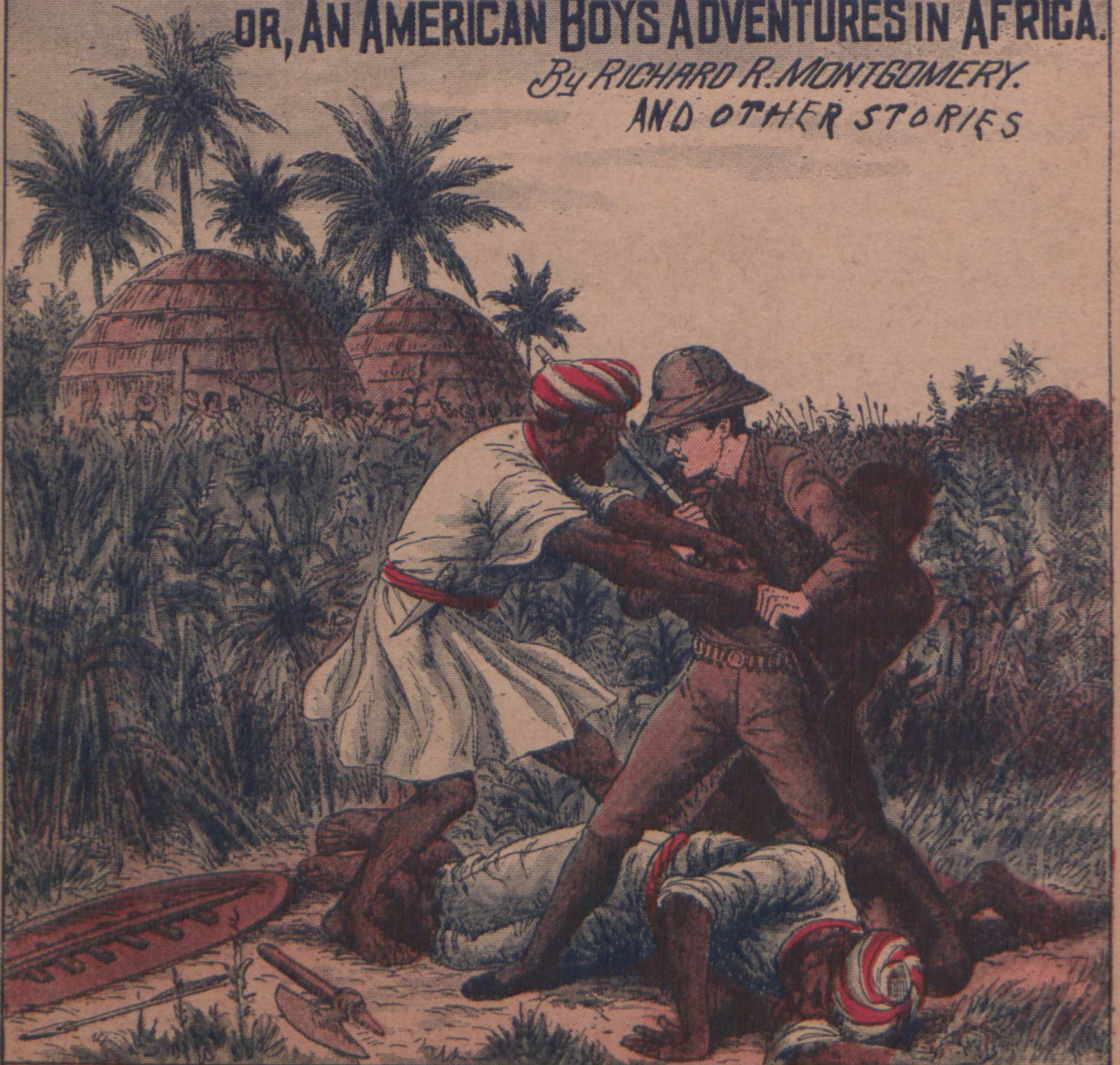
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NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1923

Price 7 Cents

LOST AMONG THE SLAVE HUNTERS; OR, AN AMERICAN BOY'S ADVENTURES IN AFRICA.

*By RICHARD R. MONTGOMERY.
AND OTHER STORIES*



Three Arabs stumbled upon his hiding place. Frank leaped to his feet and discharged his rifle. The foremost Arab fell; another clutched Frank's weapon by the barrel and strove to wrest it from him, while the other sought to drag him down.

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Lost Among the Slave Hunters

OR, AN AMERICAN BOY'S ADVENTURES IN AFRICA

By RICHARD R. MONTGOMERY

CHAPTER I.—Frank Stanhope's Promise.

"There goes one of the brightest boys in the school," remarked Professor Dean, of one of the leading New York city commercial colleges, as a manly-looking lad of about eighteen went by the office window.

Frank Stanhope, the subject of this commendatory remark, certainly deserved it, for he was naturally apt, possessed of excellent studious habits, and very ambitious. Knowing as he did that he had his own way to make in the world, he comprehended the necessity for fitting himself for a useful business career. But there were times when Frank wished that his inclination might be allowed gratification for a time at least. The boy was passionately fond of travel, and he had inherited a love of adventure from his deceased father which nothing could eradicate from his nature. Left an orphan at an early age, Frank had become the ward of Daniel Morton, a well-to-do old gentleman, who had been the lifelong friend of the lad's father. Frank was on his way homeward to the residence of his guardian when he passed the window of the college office, and as he entered the house a servant met him in the hall and said quietly:

"Master Frank, sure Mr. Morton is in the library beyant, and he said he wanted to see you as soon as you came from school."

"All right, Larry, I'll go to the library at once."

"And whist a bit, sure, an' it's bad news the masther has for you, I'm thinkin', me gossoon."

"Why so? What makes you think there is bad news for me, Larry?"

"It's tellin' av ye I'll be afther doin'. Sure an' the masther just received a telegram, an' whin he had read it, I knew be the face av him he had bad news. Thin it was he said he wanted to see you as soon as you came in."

"A telegram! Ah, I suspect it is something about Uncle Mathew, who is seriously ill at his home in Albany."

"That's it, I'm afraid, Frank," replied Larry O'Lynn.

The kind-hearted Irishman was an old servant of Frank's deceased father, and he was devoted to the boy, and he meant to serve him while he lived as faithfully as he had served his sire. Frank passed on into the library, and his guardian, who he found seated at his desk with a telegram be-

fore him, greeted him cordially. Daniel Morton was a retired merchant, and childless. Frank had crept into the vacant place in his heart, and the lad's welfare was a matter of serious concern to the old gentleman.

"You wished to see me, uncle?" said Frank, who had been taught to call his guardian thus, although no relationship existed between them, other than the ties of affection.

"Yes. I've just received the news that your Uncle Mathew is dying. He was a good friend of mine in other days, before he and your father became estranged, through an unfortunate business misunderstanding, and the news of his serious condition was quite a shock to me. I thought he was improving."

"I am sorry to hear of Uncle Mathew's fatal illness, though he seems almost like a stranger to me."

"Well, my boy, your dying uncle has expressed an urgent desire to see you. The telegram requests us to hasten to his bedside. The dispatch was sent by Jason Broderick, your cousin, who, it seems, has been with Mathew for some time."

"We will take the next train for Albany, uncle. But, by the way, it was Jason Broderick who went out to Africa with father's youngest brother, Luther Stanhope, the missionary, was it not? You know the Broderick branch of our family are strangers to me almost."

"Yes. Jason Broderick went with your uncle, the Reverend Luther Stanhope, to Africa, where the former established a mission far in the interior, and devoted his life to the cause of Christianity in the dark continent. Luther is a noble fellow, self-sacrificing, earnest in his work, and he is yet at his mission in the Central African country, I believe."

"But Jason Broderick returned from Africa after a few year's absence, and I've understood he came back considerably enriched."

"That is true. Jason left your uncle, the missionary, soon after the latter established the mission in the interior, and joined a party of Arab traders, with whom he went northward. From your uncle Luther's letters I know that he never saw Jason Broderick after they parted at the mission."

"I suppose Jason made his money with the Arab traders?"

"So he said when he came home. He claimed to have engaged extensively in the ivory trade with the northern tribes. But I've heard some dark hints about his doings in Africa."

"What have you heard, uncle?"

"Well, you know Jason is not as steady in his habits as he might be, and when in his cups he has evinced a knowledge of African slave hunting and the traffic in human chattels that might awaken a startling suspicion."

"Why, uncle?"

"But after all perhaps I wrong Jason. I never liked him. Some way he always inspired me with distrust, although he has always tried to be friendly."

"And he is with Uncle Mathew now?"

"Yes. As I said. And he has for several weeks devoted himself to the care of the invalid. Day and night he has been at his bedside, scarcely knowing sleep. No one could be more constant in his attention. But there will come into my mind a doubt as to the disinterestedness of his motive."

"Then you half think——"

"Well, you know, Frank, your Uncle Mathew is a bachelor, and a millionaire. He must leave his money to some one."

"I see. But I think Uncle Luther, the missionary, was always Uncle Mat's favorite brother. I suppose he will inherit the million."

"Unless undue influence is brought to bear on the dying man, no doubt the bulk of the fortune will go to Luther. And I must tell you. The news which we have obtained recently, through the newspapers, of the trouble the British expedition to suppress the slave trade in Africa has met with in the neighborhood of the mission, from which your Uncle Luther was last heard from has awakened grave fears for his safety in my mind."

"I have thought of that. Many heroic spirits who have gone to carry the tidings of Christianity to the benighted African tribes have been murdered by the savages. But oh, I trust uncle may not have been added to the list of martyrs."

"But for three months we have not heard a word from Luther, and we understand him to be completely cut off from the seaboard, with hundreds of warlike natives between him and civilization. The Arabs who are particularly interested in the slave traffic, have cunningly incited the warlike savages against the whites, that the attempt to put an end to their terrible business may fail."

"Oh, how I would like to go to Uncle Luther's rescue—to march through the African wilds at the head of a band of brave men and bring salvation to the imperiled one who may be calling out in vain for assistance!" cried Frank, enthusiastically.

He had always been his Uncle Luther's favorite, and it seemed to be the lad that he could see before him then the pale, intellectual face of the missionary lighted up by a pair of deep, dark eyes, shining with the light of a noble purpose as he said good-by to him when he went to carry the news of salvation to the land of darkness.

"You are a chip of the old block, Frank. Your father was always ready for adventure, and ready to rush headlong into danger to assist a friend," said Mr. Morton, smiling, but admiring the spirit which prompted the boy.

Just then the clock on the mantel chimed the hour in musical notes, and warned them that they must not delay their preparations if they would catch the next train for Albany. So the conversation was discontinued then, to be resumed again when they found themselves inmates of a railway coach and being whirled rapidly along on their journey.

"If I was a young man I believe I should feel like setting out to solve the mystery of Luther Stanhope's fate myself. But I'm too old; I should only leave my bones in the African jungles, I fear," said Mr. Morton.

"True, your age would be against you, uncle, but you are hale and hearty for all that. Of course, however, you could not think of undertaking an African journey."

"No; but it almost seems as though some friend of Luther's should make an effort in his behalf. Yet he may not be in actual danger despite all our fears."

There was further talk, which need not be recorded, and in due time the train reached Albany. Without delay Mr. Morton and Frank secured a cab, and were conveyed to the residence of Mathew Stanhope. But they were almost too late. The physician met them at the door and informed them that the dying man had but a few moments of his earthly span yet left. Hastily they were conducted to the presence of Mathew Stanhope, and at the bedside of the dying man Frank came face to face with a tall, dark, heavily-bearded man of middle age. Mr. Morton introduced him to the lad. The man was Jason Broderick.

Though as yet Frank suspected it not, he had met one in the returned African adventurer who was destined to, in the future, exert a strange influence upon his destiny. The dying man recognized Frank and his guardian, and signaled them to draw near. Then, when they stood with Jason Broderick bending above him and ready to catch his faintest words, he said:

"It is my last dying wish that Jason Broderick and Frank go to Africa and find out whether Brother Luther be living or dead, and if living communicate to him the news of my death and the contents of my will."

Having thus spoken with great effort and long pauses between the words, Mathew Stanhope was seized with a severe fit of coughing. But in a moment or so he rallied and spoke again.

"Promise me, Frank, and you, Jason, that you will carry out my last dying wish," he said.

The eyes of the speaker sought the faces of Frank and Jason Broderick in a glance of entreaty which the lad could not resist, and he said earnestly:

"I promise, uncle, I promise."

And Jason Broderick added:

"And I, too, pledge my word to carry out your request."

Scarcely five minutes later, and, without speaking further, Mathew Stanhope passed away peacefully, and seemingly much gratified by the promise Frank and Jason Broderick had made him.

We may pass over ensuing events until the day succeeding the funeral of Mathew Stanhope. Then Frank, Jason Broderick, Mr. Morton and several distant relatives of the deceased, assembled to

listen to the reading of the will which had been made some time previously by Mathew Stanhope and intrusted to his lawyer. Jason Broderick sat in a shadowy corner of the apartment, and his face could not be distinctly seen. But for all that it looked pale and anxious. As the lawyer opened the will and began to read a nervous tremor shook the frame of the African adventurer from head to foot. The reading went on. Deprived of its legal forms and verbiage the will amounted to this:

To his brother Luther, the African missionary, Mathew Stanhope left all his vast fortune, save a bequest of five thousand dollars to Jason Broderick in gratitude for his kindness, and a like sum to Frank. The sum of ten thousand dollars was also set apart as a fund to be used to find Luther Stanhope if necessary. More could be drawn if required. When the bequests had been read, Jason Broderick arose and passed out of the room. His hands were clinched and his dark face wore an evil look. Striding away, his troubled thoughts were formulated into words.

"And so all my scheme to get the fortune by ingratiating myself into the old fool's good graces and gaining his gratitude has failed. What is a paltry five thousand dollars! Bah! I could strangle the miserable old dolt if I had my fingers on his throat. He kept telling me how gratified he was for all I was doing. He led me to think the million would be mine. And now all goes to that whining preacher. The man who has buried himself in the African jungles and who has no use for the money. But I am going to find the heir. Ah! ha! All is not lost. In the event of the missionary's death the boy will inherit the million. But after him I am the next heir. And the boy goes with me to Africa."

The look that accompanied the last words gave them a terrible meaning.

CHAPTER II.—Jason Broderick Begins His Desperate Plot.

Frank's guardian did not like the idea of his ward going to Africa in company with Jason Broderick. His opinion of the man selected by Mathew Stanhope to accompany Frank to the "dark continent" in search of the lost heir to a million caused him many and grave apprehensions. But Jason Broderick set himself about the task of rehabilitating himself in the eyes of Mr. Morton, and pending the time set for his departure for Africa, so well did he enact his part, that he became the invited guest of Frank's guardian. No man knew better how to conduct himself to win approval and make himself agreeable than Jason Broderick, and very soon after he became Mr. Morton's guest that gentleman began to think he had wronged Frank's cousin by the doubts and suspicions which he had entertained regarding his character. Jason Broderick had commenced a shrewd and desperate game for a million, and he was one who would shrink from nothing to consummate his own mercenary ends. He was an actor of no mean ability, and he completely won Frank. The lad never tired of listening to his entertaining and thrilling stories of African adventure, and very soon Jason

Broderick made himself a hero in Frank's estimation, and he quite forgot that he had ever entertained an adverse opinion of him. While Jason Broderick succeeded in making himself an almost universal favorite with every one under Mr. Morton's roof, there was one there who would not accept the crafty schemer for what he seemed. Larry O'Lynn distrusted and disliked Jason Broderick from the first, and when he learned he was to be Frank's comrade in Africa, the true-hearted Irishman was in consternation and alarm.

"Sure, Masther Morton, ye will not be afther lettin' the gossoon Frank go away to the heathen land of the nagurs alone wid that black-muzzled mon? Faith, an' there is a hidden divil in his eyes, an' he manes mischief, as sure as you live!" Larry said privately to Mr. Morton.

"Nonsense! You have taken a dislike to Mr. Broderick without cause, Larry. Of course, Frank must keep his promise to the dead and go with his cousin to Africa."

"Then will ye let me go along wid him? Don't refuse me. If any harm should come to the boy, old Larry could never forgive himself. When he was a wee little baby his father put him in my hands and said, says he, 'Larry, me lad, be a friend to the little wan.' 'I will,' says I, and by the harp of Tara, I mane to kape me word."

"You're an honest fellow, Larry, and I cannot find it in my heart to refuse your request. After all, it may be best that you should go with Frank. With such a devoted friend as you are with him, I shall feel more secure regarding his safety."

"Thank you, Master Morton. Sure, an' it's lighter ye have made me heart by grantin' me request to go wid Frank. Be the shamrock so green, now let Mr. Jason Broderick be careful. I'll watch him, and if he strikes at Master Frank he'll have to first reach to Larry."

Just at that moment a slight rustling was heard among the curtains that crossed the alcove in which the speakers were.

"Whish, a bit!" said Larry in a whisper, and with a significant gesture he tip-toed across the room and suddenly drew the curtains aside. There was no one there. But the imprint of soiled feet upon the carpet told the quick-eyed and keen-witted Irishman that an eavesdropper had been there. But when Larry called his attention to the same, Mr. Morton was loath to believe that there was anyone in his house dishonorable enough to play the part of a spy.

"You may be mistaken, Larry; I think you are inclined to magnify trifles," said he.

But Larry knew he was right, and so reaffirmed, and then the conversation ended as Frank and Jason Broderick entered.

"I've just promised Larry he should go with you to Africa, Frank, as a sort of bodyguard and general factotum," said Mr. Morton.

"Bravo! The very thing I was about to suggest," Frank replied in pleased approval.

"Yes. Certainly. A valuable comrade Larry will make, I am sure," assented Broderick.

But his expression, which passed unnoticed by all save Larry, belied his words. At heart the arch schemer was anything but pleased. He had played the part of an eavesdropper behind the curtain, and only retreated barely in time to escape discovery by Larry. Jason Broderick had heard every word of the conversation be-

tween Larry and his master, which took place before he and Frank, whom he had met in the hall, entered. Frank's secret foe was now fully informed regarding Larry O'Lynn's doubts and suspicions, and he was enraged and chagrined. He had congratulated himself that no one had penetrated the mask of deceit in which he had hidden his true nature. But the Irishman had found him out.

"The infernal Irishman is keener than all the rest. I fear the fellow, and by Heavens, he shall not go to Africa with Frank Stanhope. The fellow would be a marplot. He might balk all my scheme. No, no, Mr. Larry. Cunning as you are, you will find that Jason Broderick is much more than a match for you before you are much older."

Thus had Broderick reflected while listening behind the curtain. Frank and Broderick had been out making some final purchases and preparations for their voyage to Africa, and they were to sail the following day on an English steamer. The lad and his companion had much to say about their last purchases and preparations. Larry O'Lynn left them in conversation with Mr. Morton, and as he went out he caught the gleam of a baleful, threatening glance, which Jason Broderick covertly shot at him from underneath his bushy eyebrows. Larry felt that Broderick was his own secret enemy as well as Frank's, and he was confident that the man he so much distrusted had overheard all he had said about him.

"Be me sould he's a dangerous fellow, and I'll kape me eyes open whin he's about. Sure an' I wouldn't like to meet him in a dark place alone," thought Larry.

That evening Frank was invited to attend a sort of farewell reception given by his school friends, with whom he was a universal favorite.

Frank left the house at eight, and assured his guardian and Jason Broderick that he should probably be detained at the reception until a late hour. When Frank was gone Broderick busied himself about the room which had been his since he became Mr. Morton's guest. In the grate, among other things, he burned a number of letters. But one of them slipped behind the fire-board, and was uninjured by the flames. It was a trivial incident, and yet great would have been Jason Broderick's alarm had he known that letter had not been destroyed. He watched the fire in the grate until the papers he had heaped upon it were all consumed, and then he muttered:

"Now all that might betray the secrets of my past is destroyed—Captain Mendoza's letters, El Hassen's queer messages, and all."

Jason Broderick remained alone in his room for a long time mapping out, mentally, a strange and terrible plot against Frank Stanhope and the African missionary.

"There are only two lives between me and the million. I will not hesitate. And now to make sure the meddling Irishman, Larry O'Lynn, does not accompany Frank Stanhope to Africa," soliloquized Broderick, finally.

It chanced that he knew Larry had obtained permission to sit up with a sick friend until midnight, and that the faithful fellow had promised to return home at that hour. After making certain preparations, Jason Broderick stealthily

left the house unseen by any one, and stationed himself at the entrance of a dark alley on a retired street, which he believed Larry O'Lynn would traverse on his homeward way. In one hand Broderick grasped what looked like a short piece of thick rope, but which was really a deadly sand-bag. The face of the lurking man who was lying in wait for Larry O'Lynn was concealed by a wide-brimmed hat, drawn down so as to almost meet the high, upturned collar of his coat. The clock in a steeple not far away chimed the hour of midnight shortly after Jason Broderick took up his position at the entrance of the alley. But a few moments later Broderick discerned under the light of a street lamp the approaching figure of the man upon whom he meditated making a cowardly assault.

"He is coming! One blow on the head will fix him for a week in bed, at least. I must not fail now. The first blow must do the work. He is a strong fellow, and I do not care to risk a struggle," muttered Broderick.

A moment or so subsequently Larry O'Lynn, all unconscious of his peril, was passing the alley, humming a cheerful Irish ditty in a rich, musical voice. Then Broderick glided out as silently as a shadow behind his victim, and raised his deadly silent weapon for a blow. It must have been that Larry at that instant caught a glimpse of his shadow, for he turned as the blow of the sandbag fell. Instead of the blow striking Larry on the back of the head he received it on the shoulder, and then he clutched both of his assailant's arms, and they struggled across the pavement into the street. Both heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and Larry shouted:

"Police! Help! Police!"

Then Broderick, who faced the approaching person, while Larry's back was turned toward him, saw that it was Frank Stanhope who was coming.

"He will discover me, and if so all my plot is ruined. It must not—shall not be!" thought Broderick, and Frank, in answer to Larry's call, came rushing up.

Desperation gave Broderick surprising strength and he tore himself from the Irishman's grasp and dealt him a stunning blow with the sandbag. Poor Larry fell senseless, and the succeeding instant Frank Stanhope seized his assailant. The danger of discovery rendered Broderick desperate, and exerting all his strength he hurled Frank away, and then bounded down the gloomy alley. Frank did not pursue him, and he had not seen Broderick's fate. Regaining his feet, he hastened to the side of Larry, whom he already recognized. Solicitude for the welfare of his humble friend took precedence, and after seeing that Larry was badly hurt he ran to the next street and secured a cab, in which the unjured man was conveyed home. Meantime Jason Broderick had safely regained his room unseen by any one in the house, and he congratulated himself that Larry was ignorant of the identity of his assailant. But not so; the Irishman had caught a glimpse of Broderick's face during their brief struggle. Jason Broderick had accomplished his purpose, however. The physician, who was quickly called, stated that Larry had received a serious injury, and that he would have to keep his bed for many days. The poor fellow did not regain conscious-

ness until next day, and then he was in delirium. And so Frank sailed for Africa without Larry, and with his secret, unsuspected foe for his trusted comrade. Terrible and thrilling adventures were before the boy, and perhaps Jason Broderick's dark plot would succeed.

CHAPTER III.—The Arab Slave-Hunters.

Fortunately Frank and Jason Broderick had a safe and pleasant voyage to Africa, and in less than the time usually consumed by the journey across the sea, they landed at Cape Town. Without delay, and accompanied by a force of a dozen natives, the young American and his comrade started northward. Jason Broderick knew the location of Luther Stanhope's mission, and despite the fact that a long journey through a country swarming with hostile natives lay before him, he evinced no hesitation. Frank admired his cousin's pluck, and considered him a really brave man. But he was anxious for the issue of the expedition. Everything interested Frank, for all he saw was new and novel. He was a student of history, and he knew that, incredible as it seemed, all there was of civilization in the world was found at one time in Africa. Frank and his companion's outfit was such as would enable them to march rapidly. They did not encumber themselves with ox-wagons, and all they took with them was carried in packs on the backs of their Enatives. Experience had taught Jason Broderick what would be needed, and besides a supply of firearms, ammunition, and many other articles, he had not neglected to take along a quantity of colored glass beads and a variety of showy trinkets which are highly prized by the blacks of the interior. Marching on through the jungles his party soon found themselves in the great unknown land of Central Africa. Then the real dangers of the journey were at hand. The country was full of wild animals of the fiercest varieties, and savage men lurked in the jungles. Sometimes the way lay through grassy savannahs and amid beautiful groves and then all went well. But traveling through the jungles was necessarily slow work. The prodigally luxuriant vegetation rendered the task no easy one. Vines interlaced the shrubbery and were covered with sharp thorns that drew blood. Ravenous insects, vampire leeches and huge green flies dwelt among the rank vegetation, and were a constant source of annoyance. The party manfully met every difficulty and not without several encounters with the fierce black savages and thrilling adventures, finally arrived in the neighborhood of the village in which Luther Stanhope had established his mission.

They were now upon the border of a large tract of country in the neighborhood of the equatorial line. This was the land of the Niams, or Niam-Niams, as they are sometimes called. This remarkable race of negroes are cannibals, as all travelers agree, and indeed the name Niam-Niam signifies man-eater. They are fierce, warlike, and, in fact, the most terrible monsters of the dark continent. Jason Broderick warned Frank and the natives of his band that they would be in constant peril of their lives while marching

through the Niam's country. The warning was verified. The very first day of their further advance a band of Niam-Niam warriors suddenly appeared from a jungle and rushed upon the Americans' little band with terrible yells. But the bullets of the whites struck consternation to the hearts of the black warriors, and they fled in superstitious terror. We need not dwell upon the several skirmishes with the natives that ensued. Suffice it to say the entire journey across the land of the Niam-Niams was a running fight, and that at last the ferocious man-eaters were left behind.

Five days later the Americans arrived at the village where Jason Broderick had left Luther Stanhope, the missionary, years before. The village consisted of numerous huts, built of rushes, and mud, which had been used as mortar. In the center of the village was an open space or public square, and in the middle of the square was a post upon which hung several huge drums. No sooner did the natives, who were a mild, peaceful tribe, many of whom had been Christianized to some extent by the labors of Luther Stanhope, the missionary, discover the approach of Frank and his comrades than the great drums in the public square were beaten, creating a din that was absolutely deafening, and calling forth all the inhabitants of the huts. A strange, grotesque crowd of nearly naked Africans came flocking to the public square, but though Frank and Jason Broderick scanned the crowd with keen and searching glances, they could not discover a white man among them. The whites continued to advance, with Jason Broderick in the lead and Frank at his side. The African adventurer knew something of the native language, and he made signs of friendship, and called out that he was the friend of the white missionary. Then, as he drew nearer, he was recognized by the old chief of the tribe, who had been there when he and Luther Stanhope came among the natives first, years previously. After that everything went well. Luther Stanhope had won the respect and friendship of the tribe, and for his sake Broderick and his comrades were welcome.

The American's first inquiry was for Luther Stanhope, and then they learned startling news.

"The good white priest is dead," replied the old native chief solemnly.

It was so. The particulars of Luther Stanhope's demise were soon made known. He had fallen a victim to the dreaded African fever. The old chief conducted the Americans to a lonely grave under a great tree, where reposed the remains of one more martyr who had sacrificed his life in the cause of Christianity. Frank was deeply moved, and tears of sorrow fell upon the green mound which marked the last resting-place of his beloved uncle. And while the boy knelt beside the grave, Jason Broderick turned away, and his swarthy face took on an expression that was absolutely fiendish in its guilty exultation.

"Now there is only one life between me and the million. This changes my plot somewhat. Now I have only to rid myself of Frank Stanhope forever, and then all—all is mine," thought Broderick.

Scarcely an hour later there was another arrival at the missionary's village. A solitary Arab came in, and, in explanation of his presence,

stated that he belonged to a caravan of ivory traders, and that he had become separated from his fellows three days before, and lost his way. At this time the terrible curse of Africa, the slave trade, was at its height, and the full zenith of its prosperity. As yet the efforts of the British government to abolish it had produced little effect beyond the confines of the territory along the Nile, and among the tribes who were subjected to the Egyptian government. The Arabs were the slave-hunters of Africa, and they were dreaded by the natives everywhere. It might therefore have fared badly with the solitary man of the slave-hunting race had not Jason Broderick greeted him warmly and vouched for him as a friend. Frank was not a little surprised at this, for the Arab was one of the most evil-looking men he had ever beheld, and the boy was satisfied that his story of being lost was all a falsehood.

The young American was impressed with the suspicion that the Arab had visited the native village for an evil purpose. Frank had wandered away into the woods not far from the village, gun in hand, some time later, and failing to find any game he was returning, when all at once he heard voices, and a moment subsequently he saw Jason Broderick and the Arab who claimed to have been lost from his party. The two men were standing in an open glade conversing earnestly. Frank heard what they said distinctly, and the first words that reached him sent a thrill through his nerves, and startled him beyond measure.

"Yes," said the Arab. "You can depend upon your old friend, El Hassen. The white boy, whom you call Frank Stanhope, shall never trouble you again. At a signal from me my band of slave-hunters, two hundred strong, will rush out of the thickets to the southward and capture the village. I came first merely to spy out the land, and I did not expect to meet my old comrade, Jason Broderick."

"Nothing would have pleased me better. Carry the white boy away with the other slaves you will capture, and sell him far away. He must end his days in slavery."

"Very good. That suits me, my comrade," responded the Arab slave-hunter.

"The boy is bronzed by exposure to the hot African sun almost to the color of some of the native tribes. Strip him of the light English tourist costume which he now wears, and pass him off for an African."

"It shall be done. I've an order for a cargo of slaves from our old friend, Captain Mendoza, of the slave-ship *Vulture* now."

Some more but unimportant remarks followed, and then the two men separated. While the Arab slave-hunter crept away to rejoin his men, Jason Broderick returned to the village. For a moment Frank was almost paralyzed by the terrible discovery which he had made. All at once he comprehended Broderick's awful treachery, and the motive that prompted it. His blood ran cold in his veins as he thought of the horrible fate to which his unnatural kinsman had condemned him. But Frank felt that he must act at once. He resolved to warn the natives and help them beat off the slave-hunters. He crept toward the village under cover of the tall grass,

and gained it ahead of Jason Broderick. But a few moments later he had given the alarm. But it came too late. Frank had but just acquainted the natives with the news of the slave-hunters' proximity in force, when the loud discharge of guns was heard, and the yells of the Arabs who had surrounded the village. The natives were thrown into a panic of terror, and all was confusion in the village. The Arabs charged forward, carrying all before them. The warriors who resisted were mercilessly shot down. The women and all who were easily overpowered were secured, their hands bound behind their backs, and their neck invested with heavy forked sticks, which the slave-dealers had previously cut and brought with them on the backs of their donkeys. In addition to these wooden yokes the men were tied together by long twisted cords made of tough bush-creepers. The little children alone were left free to follow their mothers into captivity.

Seeing that a repulse of the slave-dealers was hopeless, Frank concealed himself in the tall grass at the edge of the village, and was waiting for an opportunity to creep away unseen, when three Arabs stumbled upon his hiding-place. Frank leaped to his feet and discharged his rifle. The foremost Arab fell; another clutched Frank's weapon by the barrel, and strove to wrest it from him, while the other sought to drag him down. For a moment Frank battled with all the desperation which the terrible situation inspired.

CHAPTER IV.—The Sheik's Daughter.

While Frank Stanhope struggled with the Arab who had first discovered him, several other members of the slave-hunters' band rushed up, and the brave young American was finally disarmed and overpowered. Frank was hurled upon the ground and one of the enraged Arabs raised his spear to drive it into the lad's breast. The boy saw the light of murder in the flashing eyes of the swarthy wretch who stood over him, and saw the spear descending. It was a terrible moment, and the lad thought that his hour of doom had surely come. But it did not fall. El Hassen, the sheik or chief of the band, rushed forward, having at that moment discovered the peril of the white lad he meant to enslave.

"Hold, Baba!" shouted El Hassen, in Arabic. "Hold, I say! Strike not the white boy! Dead he is valueless, but alive he will bring us many gold pieces in the slave mart."

As he thus commanded the sheik grasped the descending spear. Just in time had the sheik interposed. The spear was turned aside. But so great was the impetus of the blow the Arab had aimed at Frank, that the sharp point of the weapon grazed his body and was deeply buried in the sand at his side. A thrill of unutterable relief went through Frank's nerves as he knew he was saved. Life was very dear to him, with whom it was yet the early spring-time of existence. He wanted to live. But the fate in store for him seemed almost worse than death. But while there was life Frank felt there was hope, and he resolved that he would not entirely despair. The thought that some opportunity

might yet present itself to enable him to escape sustained him, even at the moment of his capture. Frank was led toward a line of the poor, captured blacks, who stood yoked together in single file, as we have described. And there the young American was confronted by the inhuman conspirator who had plotted to betray him to an awful fate.

Jason Broderick had discarded the mask of hypocrisy and deceit entirely now, and he stood regarding the strange, pitiful scene of desolation, misery and human enslavement with an exultant smile upon his evil face. It seemed to Frank now surprising that he had been so terribly deceived in this man—that he had not read his character aright.

But indignation dominated every other thought in the lad's mind just then, and as Broderick turned his mocking evil face upon him Frank exclaimed:

"Villain! scoundrel! This is your work! You have sold me into slavery! I know all your plot now. You will return to America, report the death of my Uncle Luther, and also falsely prove that I have perished. But there is always something unforeseen in 'villains' plots, and Heaven may yet decree to foil you."

"Ha! ha! You have hit the truth regarding my plans precisely. Only, my dear cousin, you should have added that having proven that you and your Uncle Luther have shuffled off, I shall secure the defunct Mathew's million, as next heir."

As Jason Broderick uttered this taunting remark there was a commotion among the captives, and all at once a herculean black, who was one of the natives who had accompanied Frank's party from the south, sprang away. The African had attached himself to Frank during the journey, and the lad had found him an intelligent and brave fellow. His name was Wamba. The black giant was now bent upon making a desperate effort to escape.

One of the Arabs at Frank's side leveled his carbine at the escaping negro, and the succeeding moment he would have shot the poor fellow down in his tracks, but suddenly Frank jerked away from the men who held him, and struck up the slave-hunter's weapon. The bullet therefore fled wide of its mark, for just as Frank struck the weapon the Arab pressed the trigger. Wamba turned his head in time to see Frank's brave deed, and, as the Arab's bullet whistled by over his head, he knew that he owed his life to Frank. The African giant was fleet of foot. He knew that if he could gain the adjacent woods his chances of escape would be good, and he put forth all his speed. The Arabs sent a volley of bullets after him, and several started in pursuit, but Wamba was not hit, and he distanced the Arabs and gained the cover.

El Hassen, the sheik, was enraged at the escape of the herculean black, for whom he had thought to obtain an excellent price in the slave market. With one blow the Arab sheik struck Frank down at his feet, as he, too, was in the act of leaping away, and then, by El Hassen's orders, the young American was bound hand and foot.

"You see you have a young tiger to deal with in my beloved cousin, El Hassen," sneered Jason Broderick.

"But I'll draw his claws. Strap the white boy

up to yonder tree, and give him the lash. Lay on well, my men. Let him learn at once that he is now a slave," said the irate sheik.

Frank turned pale. The horror of it all made him faint for a moment. The Arabs seized him and dragged him toward a tree near by. Vainly he struggled on account of his fetters and the overpowering odds against him, and he was bound to the tree with his arms drawn to their full length above his head, and his toes just touching the ground. Rudely the brutal Arabs tore his garments from his back until it was bare. Frank felt that it would be useless to ask for mercy, and he set his teeth with determined force, fully resolved that the terrible ordeal should not draw one single cry of pain from his lips. The Arabs seized their donkey whips, two stout fellows were selected by El Hassen and they were about to inflict upon Frank the dreadful beating, such as they frequently gave refractory slaves, when all at once a surprising incident occurred. A girlish form flitted between Frank and the swarthy fellows who meant to carry out the Arab sheik's cruel edict. Frank caught but a transcient glimpse of her and then she was behind him and between him and the Arabs. But in that glimpse the American boy saw that the girl was a beautiful creature, and as fair as himself. He knew she was a white girl—a European—albeit dressed in Arab costume.

Her shapely arms were bare to the shoulders, but loaded with bracelets and gleaming under the sunlight. Her feet and ankles were also naked, save for the heavy gold bangles, and her sole garment was a narrow shirt of blue silk coming to midleg, and girt with a Persian shawl. Her hair was braided with long plaits, and strung with gold coins into a most bewitching head-dress, and altogether she was a most lovely being.

"Stop!" cried the girl as she came between the Arab whippers and Frank Stanhope. "You shall not whip the white captive. I am the sheik's daughter, and I so command. My father will not deny me this boon."

"Zara, you should not have come here. I commanded you to remain at the camp. The white slave has rebelled. He must be punished," said El Hassen, sternly.

"The sheik never forgets a promise—to me, at least?"

"No, Zara. But what mean you?"

"Did you not say that I should have my choice of all the slaves you captured on this foray?"

"Tis true, Zara, that I made that promise."

"Then release the white slave."

"What mean you, child?"

"That I choose him for my property, as you promised I could."

"Furies! El Hassen, you are not to be controlled by the whim of a girl. She would let the boy escape!" cried Jason Broderick, striding forward.

"Go on with the punishment, men. Strike! Strike! I say!" the villain added.

One of the Arabs raised his whip. But like a flash Zara seized the fellow's arm. Broderick snatched the whip from the hand of the other Arab and was advancing upon Frank. Then all at once an Arab dagger, which she had concealed upon her person, flashed in the hand of the brave young girl.

"Back! Back on your life!" she cried, and the gleaming steel flew back and forth before Jason Broderick's face as the girl menaced him with the weapon.

Just then El Hassen's hand fell heavily upon Broderick's shoulder and the Arab said sternly:

"I command here. Desist. I'll keep my promise to my daughter."

Broderick was as mad as a hatter when the El Hassen allowed Frank to be released from the tree. The Arabs then moved ahead with their prisoners. Zara had awakened a great interest in Frank's heart. That night the sheik's daughter came to Frank and set him free of his bonds and urged him to escape. Frank needed no urging, but silently crept away in the tall grass. But he was much surprised when he found that Wamba had also escaped and joined him. The black man was devoted to Frank for saving his life from the slave dealers. Zara had given Frank a locket before she set him free. Frank at the first opportunity examined the trinket and saw engraved on it:

"Alma, from her father, Christmas, 18—"

"No doubt Alma is the girl's right name," thought Frank.

Inside the locket was engraved:

"Wrecked on the coast of the great desert, I, John Mathews of Boston, U. S. A., my wife and child, have been captured by the Arabs. My wife is wounded and dying while I am doomed to death for shooting two Arabs. I hope somebody will come into possession of this locket who will do something for my daughter Alma."

Frank and Wamba traveled through the jungle in the hope of getting somewhere, but finally realized they were lost.

Suddenly one day they were pursued and captured by a party of Niam-Niam cannibals, but after the escape of Wamba and Frank, El Hassen endeavored to find them.

Soon he learned that El Boukir, his rival, was attacking a Niam-Niam village not far away and determined to draw up closer and might join his old rival and get some slaves thereby.

El Boukir had in fact attacked the village where Frank and Wamba were held captive.

CHAPTER V.—A Game for Human Stakes.

The attack on the village was made in almost the same manner as El Hassen fell upon the mission village, and the Arabs managed to get close to the town before they were discovered by the natives. Then they charged forward, yelling with all their might and discharging volley after volley from their carbines. The Niam-Niams fought desperately. The battle raged furiously for a time, and then Frank and the Zulu seemed to be entirely forgotten by their captors. Charge after charge was made upon the village by El Boukir's slavers. But the Niams were entirely a different race from the peaceful blacks El Hassen's band had encountered at the mission village. There was no such easy victory for the Arabs in this instance. Three times they were

repulsed by the Niams. But the fourth charge carried all before it. The ranks of the Niam-Niam warriors were already decimated by the bullets of their foes. Despair seized upon them, and they retreated. The Arabs pursued and the retreat soon became a complete rout. Then scores of men, women, and children fell into the hands of the Arabs.

El Boukir, the sheik, uttered a cry of surprise, as, when the conflict was over, he found Frank and Wamba. The circumstance that they were bound explained that they were captives, and as he could speak broken English, the sheik began to question Frank, after releasing him and the Zulu. The lad told that he had been captured by the Niams, that he was a peaceful traveler on his way to the coast, and diplomatically hinted that he and Wamba had become separated from a large band of English explorers, who might be expected to come up at any moment. Upon hearing this, El Boukir's manner became decidedly more respectful than it had been at first, and he asked:

"How many men in English band?"

"Oh, six or eight hundred. A small army, in fact," replied Frank, carelessly.

El Boukir knew very well, though Frank did not, that a large English expedition, sent out to suppress the slave trade along the lower Nile, was in Africa. The sheik concluded that was the party Frank belonged to. He had a wholesome fear of English vengeance, and Frank could not hit upon a better way to secure good treatment at the hands of the crafty slaver. Frank was not slow to note the impression his haphazard statement had made upon the Arab, and he said, in a tone that seemed to indicate the thing was a matter of course:

"Now, my friend, I'll set out with my black servant to find my party. I am sure I shall not go far before I meet them. I am obliged to you for setting us free."

El Boukir's face was a study. Frank saw that he was secretly desirous, above all things, of making him and Wamba slaves, but feared to do so.

Frank and Wamba experienced a feeling of suspense. Everything depended upon the success of Frank's ruse. Evidently El Boukir decided it would not be wise to molest or detain Frank. He did not offer to do so as the boy and his black comrade began to walk away. But the fates themselves seemed to have conspired to prevent the escape of the fugitives. Just then El Hassen's band burst out of an adjacent woods, and the sheik and Jason Broderick dashed toward the village ahead of their comrades. El Hassen shouting the while at the top of his voice:

"Do not let them go! They escaped from me! Hold the white boy and the black!"

Hearing this, it suddenly dawned upon the mind of El Boukir that he might have been deceived—that the white boy had duped him by a falsehood. He at once shouted an order to his men in the Arab language. Frank and Wamba were not yet clear of the village. El Boukir's men were yet moving about hither and yon all about them. As soon as the sheik shouted his command his men began to close in upon Frank and Wamba. Then they made a desperate dash, and more than one Arab went down under terrific blows dealt by

Wamba's naked iron fist; for the Niams had taken away his gun, and he had only his hands to fight with now.

But overpowering numbers conquered. Frank and Wamba were secured, and El Hassan, riding up, claimed them as his captives.

"Hold! I deny your claim. Captors are keepers. The white slave and the giant black are mine!" cried El Boukir.

"I'll buy the two slaves—the white boy and the Zulu," said Broderick, eagerly.

"No. They are not for sale. The Sultan of Fezzan wishes a white slave boy. The great sultan will pay thrice the sum in gold for him that you can command, I think."

Broderick had a thousand pounds in English money in his treasure-belt.

"I'll give you one thousand English pounds for the white boy, and you can keep the black," he said desperately.

"No," replied the Arab sheik scornfully. "Thrice the sum you name the sultan will pay."

Broderick was at his wit's end. True, he thought the chance were against Frank's making his escape if he was sold to the Sultan of Fezzan. And yet since Frank had eluded his captors, as we know, Broderick feared to leave him alive in Africa. The boy had exhibited a spirit and daring which made Broderick change his mind about selling him into slavery, as we have seen. But now El Hassan thought of a way whereby he might again regain possession of Frank if fortune favored him.

"El Boukir, I'll stake fifty of my blacks against the white boy in our great Arabian game of helga. What say you? Dare you play me for the boy?"

"Ay, no man ever challenged El Boukir to play in vain. Come, the game shall decide the ownership of the boy," replied El Boukir.

"Good! Let us not delay," assented El Hassen.

The game of Helga is a great favorite with Arab gamblers, and is played in the following manner:

A square is first traced in the earth. In it a number of round holes are scooped out. The players sit opposite each other, and each is provided with pellets of ivory which are placed in the holes. The game proceeds by moving the pellets from hole to hole, somewhat similar to moving draughts upon a checker board. The ground was prepared and then, while the two bands of slave hunters looked on, and Frank and his black comrade watched the game with a breathless interest, which Zara's manner plainly showed she shared, El Boukir and El Hassen seated themselves and the play began. It was a game for human stakes. The fate of the brave young American hung upon the issue. Little wonder that in the intensity of his interest he heeded nothing but the progress of the game, which was very simple and which he soon began to comprehend. The Arabs all seemed deeply interested. Some moments had passed, and the game was going on with varying success for each of the players, when all at once Frank became conscious that Wamba was gone from his side. He glanced about quickly, but he saw nothing of the giant Zulu.

CHAPTER VI.—Frank in the Power of Broderick

No one had observed Wamba's departure. The cunning Zulu had planned to steal away while the attention of all was centered upon the game the rival sheiks were engaged in. Wamba had a well-defined plan in mind looking to the escape of both Frank and himself. He had observed that the Arabs had stacked arms near an adjacent hut, and that with their carbines they had left several donkeys, laden with ammunition and supplies. Wamba glided behind the hut, and then quickly crept to the carbines and secured two of them and a large bag of ammunition, from the back of one of the pack donkeys. The Zulu also took a hatchet and a large Arab dagger, which he found conveniently at hand. Then he crawled away through the grass until he reached the timber beyond. At the foot of a tree in a thicket, he secreted one of the carbines and a part of the ammunition. The hatchet he attached to his belt, and the dagger he also secured there.

Meantime, after Wamba's flight, the game of helga proceeded. Fortune fluctuated for a time almost equally between the two chiefs. But finally El Hassen won, and Jason Broderick uttered an exclamation of keen satisfaction, and he hissed in Frank's ear:

"You are mine now, and you shall not slip through my hands again. You shall leave your bones to bleach in the African jungle, and never escape to come between me and the possession of the Stanhope millions."

Reluctantly El Boukir surrendered Frank to his successful opponent in the game, and then Wamba was missed. At once search was made for him, but no trace of the Zulu was discovered. An hour later the two bands of Arabs had separated, and the company commanded by El Hassen, with which Frank was forced to march, moved northward. The slave-hunters camped at night-fall in an open country, where green savannahs and luxuriant vegetation abounded. During the march Frank had not obtained an opportunity to speak with Zara, much as he desired to do so. But when the band went into camp the maiden came to the lad.

"I am very sorry you were recaptured, and yet I cannot tell how glad I was to see you again. You are almost the only one of my own race I have ever met, you know," said Zara.

Frank answered earnestly:

"Fair Zara, you have not once been absent from my heart since first we met. Under any other circumstances I should rejoice that fate had brought us together again."

Then he went on to relate his thrilling story—telling Jason Broderick's inhuman treachery, and ending with the statement that he believed the villain meant to murder him.

"No, no. That shall never be! El Hassen gave you to me. The sheik will protect you even from Jason Broderick, the renegade. You are mine."

"Yes, your slave. Willingly would I submit to such sweet bondage in our own land. Zara, I love you. Have you no wish to leave the Arabs to return to your own land and kindred?"

"I have always been kindly treated by the Arabs. I know not where to seek for my kindred, if such I have in the land beyond the sea."

Frank drew forth the locket she had given him, and read the inscription traced on the inner surface of its case.

"Horror!" exclaimed Zara. "The people I have passed almost all my days among—perhaps the very man I have been taught to call my father—murdered my poor, ship-wrecked parents! I can never more be content to dwell among them. Their hands are red with innocent blood."

But while the youthful lovers were thus conversing, El Hassen and Jason Broderick were engaged in a discussion, the outcome of which was destined to influence the destiny of Frank and Zara.

"El Hassen," said Jason Broderick, "I have changed my mind regarding the disposition to be made of the white boy."

"How so, comrade?" inquired the sheik.

"If sold into slavery there would always remain the chance of his escaping and returning to America to denounce me, and so I have decided that he must die."

"You forget, my comrade," rejoined the Arab, while his swarthy face grew darker. "The boy is mine by right of capture, and by gift he has become the property of my daughter. He shall not die."

"Then you have been a great fool to give the handsome white lad to the girl for her slave. Look yonder. The maid is with the youth now. They are lovers already. See!"

As Broderick spoke he pointed at Frank and Zara. They were distinctly visible from the door of El Hassen's tent, where the two men stood. The young couple did not know they were observed, and at the moment when Jason Broderick pointed them out to El Hassen, Frank pressed a kiss upon Zara's brow—a pure, true token of his deathless devotion. And El Hassen saw it. His brow contracted. His swarthy face was convulsed with an expression of jealous rage.

"The Christian dog!" he hissed, through his set teeth. "He has dared to make love to Zara!"

"Yes, and with excellent success, I should say," sneered Broderick. "Come, what say you now? Shall the boy die?"

El Hassen shook his head, and then he strode angrily toward Frank and Zara. They heard his footsteps, but he was close upon them first. As Zara turned toward him he caught her arm and dragged her rudely away.

"Dog of a Christian, if you dare again to speak to my daughter you shall perish by the bastinado!" El Hassan called out to Frank.

Then he half dragged Zara to his own tent and thrust her within it. Releasing herself from his hold, Zara confronted the sheik with spirit. Her beautiful eyes were flashing. Her cheeks were all aglow, and she was more lovely than ever.

"What means this violent conduct, sheik?" she demanded. She did not call him father now.

"It means, my beautiful Zara, that I love you, and have reared you to become my wife," he answered.

"Never, never! I believe you are my father's murderer!" cried Zara, and she thought:

"Now indeed I must escape, or meet a fate worse than death. I never thought of such a thing as this. Oh, Heaven, send me help!"

Meantime, just after El Hassen entered the

tent a black face peered through the door behind him. It was Wamba the Zulu. Startling incidents were about to ensue. The Zulu had come to save Frank, and now he meant to rescue the maiden too. He glided into the tent as Zara last spoke, and as El Hassen's back was turned he did not see him. But Wamba made an accidental sound. El Hassen wheeled like a flash. The succeeding instant he and the Zulu stood face to face.

CHAPTER VII.—Wamba's Daring Stratagem.

Wamba, the giant Zulu, was intent upon the accomplishment of a daring ruse. The cunning native was taking desperate chances, but such a course accorded well with his character. He had observed that the white captive was more closely guarded than heretofore. The sheik had posted two Arabs near the tree to which Frank was secured. The Zulu saw that it would be impossible for him to gain Frank's side and liberate him unless he adopted some stratagem. El Hassen's tent was near the confines of the open space in which the slave hunters had made their camp, and Wamba, owing to this circumstance, had succeeded in getting to it undiscovered. As the Arab sheik turned and saw Wamba inside the tent, he opened his lips to utter a shout of alarm. The Zulu knew if El Hassen uttered a single outcry all was lost. The camp would instantly be alarmed, scores of the sheik's fierce followers would come rushing to the tent, and not only would the attempt to rescue Frank result in failure, but the would-be rescuer could scarcely hope to get away himself.

And the daring ruse that Wamba had in mind required that not the slightest suspicion of his presence should be experienced by the Arabs. Before El Hassen could utter the shout of alarm that trembled upon his lips Wamba leaped at him. The Zulu clutched the Arab sheik by the throat and bore him to the ground. Zara uttered a frightened exclamation. Then she recognized Wamba as Frank's comrade, and she remained silent, reassured by the discovery. There was a brief and terrible struggle upon the ground between the giant black and the Arab. Then Wamba arose. But El Hassen remained motionless. He was not dead, but the Zulu had strangled him into insensibility.

"White girl am Mars Frank's friend, so Zulu. Come sabe Frank. Girl go. Wamba make fool of Arabs, git Frank away, maybe," said the Zulu.

Zara left the tent of the sheik and entered the smaller tent near by, which she occupied separately. Some moments elapsed. Then Wamba came out of the Arab's tent, but he had undergone a complete transformation. The Zulu had clothed himself in the sheik's costume, and drawn the Arab's bonnet well down over his face, so as almost to conceal his features. El Hassen was a large man, and by stooping as he walked Wamba brought his height down.

Jason Broderick had now retired within one of the Arab tents, which had been sent apart for his use. Wamba strode toward Frank, imitating the gait and manner of the Arab sheik excellently. He passed the two men who were especially detailed to guard the boy, and they

grunted out a respectful salutation, such as they were accustomed to give the sheik. Wamba had left El Hassen bound and gagged in his tent, and the only fear the Zulu entertained on his account was that some one might visit his tent and discover him. The Zulu reached Frank's side.

"Wamba come. Now get away," said the dusky rescuer, laconically. Then he untied the lad and signaied him to follow him as he strode back boldly toward El Hassen's tent. Frank obeyed the signal, but he was never more astounded or rejoiced. He could not at first scarcely credit the evidence of his senses that the Zulu was really there in the garb of El Hassen. He wondered how it had all transpired. The two Arab guards saw nothing out of the way. They probably thought the sheik was conducting the white lad to his tent to question him, if indeed they gave the occurrence any considerations. Wamba and Frank safely entered the sheik's tent, and then the boy, seeing El Hassen upon the ground bound and gagged, understood it all, and he grasped the hand of the Zulu as he said earnestly:

"Wamba, you are a black hero!"

"Now we crawl away," added Wamba, and drawing the dagger which he had secured at the Niam-Niams village, he slashed an opening in the rear wall of the sheik's tent. But at that moment Zara entered. The maiden sprang to Frank and cried:

"Take me with you! I cannot, dare not remain longer with the Arabs! At last I know the truth. Oh, Frank, El Hassen means to compel me to become his wife!"

Frank took both her hands as he spoke, and led her to the opening in the rear wall of the tent. Wamba hastily followed them, after discarding the costume of the Arab sheik.

The fugitives journeyed all night. Still they discovered no signs of pursuit. Zara was completely fagged out by dawn. Then the Zulu carried her. But before midday a halt was resolved upon, and in a dense thicket, near a river which Frank believed to be a branch of the lower Nile, they stopped. Zara soon fell asleep. Then leaving Frank to watch her, Wamba went along the river bank looking for game. He first made a rude bow and a number of arrows, though, for he did not want to fire his carbine if he could avoid so doing, lest the Arabs might hear the report. It was necessary that game should be secured for food. After Wamba had gone Frank fell asleep despite all his efforts to keep awake.

All at once a terrible scream uttered by Zara awakened him. Frank leaped up. Then he beheld a sight that almost paralyzed him with alarm. An enormous gorilla was darting away into the jungle with Zara in his arms. It was a moment for swift and decisive action. Once the gorilla got into the depths of the jungle with Zara it might be impossible to follow him up. The peril of the maiden was intense and terrible. Frank snatched up his carbine and leveled it at the gorilla. Forgotten now was all thought of caution regarding the discharge of firearms that might lead the slave-hunters down upon him. He thought only of saving Zara. There was great danger of hitting her instead of the monster ape. But Frank took a careful aim at one of the gorilla's eyes and pressed the trigger. At

the some moment Wamba appeared upon the scene, gesticulating excitedly as he advanced.

Frank was so intent upon saving Zara that he did not notice Wamba. Frank's shot hit the gorilla and he dropped Zara, bounded in the air and fell dead. Then Wamba told them a large force of natives were approaching and the Zulu picked up Zara in his arms and the three made for the banks of a stream. Here the Zulu found a canoe and the three embarked and Wamba seized the paddle and propelled the canoe down the stream.

It was Hassen's band that were approaching. Hassen had heard the report of Frank's carbine and that led them to the place where Frank and the faithful black and Zara had been. They got to the river bank only in time to see our three friends paddling away in the canoe. They shot rapidly along in the current of the stream, while El Hassen's band followed along on shore. Suddenly a loud roar was heard, and they were soon in the clutch of a dangerous rapid. Suddenly the canoe was overturned. Frank was knocked senseless by coming in contact with a rock, while Wamba succeeded in clinging to the overturned canoe. But the rapids passed, the canoe and its clinging human freight drew near the shore, where it was seized by El Hassen's followers and Wamba and Zara were made prisoners. Zara was unconscious, but was soon brought to, and Broderick was jubilant when he found that Frank was supposed to have perished in the rapids.

But Frank had not perished; he had been washed into a sort of cave by an eddy, where he soon came to himself, but only to find that he could not easily escape except by way of a deadly whirlpool beyond.

CHAPTER VIII.—Zara Makes A Desperate Move.

When the Arab slave-hunters marched away from the river, where they believed Frank Stanhope had met his death, they, of course, took Zara and Wamba, the Zulu, with them. Wamba believed Frank Stanhope had perished, and the Zulu's regret and grief were sincere, though he remained as stoical and seemingly unmoved as ever. The giant was yoked with the other black slaves of the convoy, and he marched along with them docile and unresisting. Wamba hung his head and appeared disconsolate and dejected. Observing him El Hassen said:

"The black giant's will is pretty well subdued at last. With his spirit broken I don't think he will give us much more trouble. He will be worth more than any four ordinary negroes in the slave marts. Such big fellows always bring the best price."

With an eye to his own interests, El Hassen gave orders that Wamba should be well treated on the march. Could he have seen the fiery flash in the downcast eyes of the Zulu he would have suspected that his meekness and submission was all a ruse. Such was the fact. The cunning fellow was playing a part to induce the Arabs to remit their excessive vigilance regarding himself. He was plotting to escape, and his dauntless spirit was as untamed as ever. For two days the Arabs

marched eastward. Then Jason Broderick said to El Hasen:

"Now, sheik, if you will lend me an escort of ten men and a guide, I'll make my way to Zanzibar, and there take passage on the first vessel that is bound for America."

"My men are at your service. Choose the ten for yourself, and I will select a guide who knows the route," replied the Arab.

Then he called to an old scarred veteran man-hunter and introduced him as a guide to be relied upon. Jason Broderick picked out the ten men for his escort, and, after the necessary preparations for departure were made, he and his party set out for Zanzibar. El Hassen bade his old comrade good-by in a friendly way, and wished him good luck on his journey. It was now El Hassen's plan to work his way slowly toward the coast himself, picking up slaves as he went, by attacking native villages on the route, and capturing their inhabitants. El Hassen was not a pure Arab. Portuguese blood flowed in his veins, too. Being cunning, and showing no mercy to an enemy, he had acquired ascendancy over several rude tribes near a remote part of the coast, not far from the mouth of the Congo. This portion of the African seaboard was never visited by vessels, save a few slavers, to whom he supplied cargoes of human freight, bound for the West Indies. El Hassen had a stronghold near a harbor known only to the slave traders, and there he had constructed a walled town, fortified it, and became a self-appointed sultan. The walls of the slave-hunters' town were provided with loop-holes for musketry, and within these walls he and his followers dwelt when not absent on their semi-annual forages in pursuit of slaves.

The walled town was to be El Hassen's destination, and there he meant to keep the slaves until the arrival of one Captain Mendoza, of the slave ship Vulture. Mendoza had dealt with the Arab when the latter and Jason Broderick were partners in slave-hunting, and the traffic in human flesh and blood years before. El Hassen was aware that Captain Mendoza was now absent on a voyage to Cuba with a cargo of slaves, and the captain of the slave-ship had agreed to visit the port of New York before his return, in order to purchase some supplies which the Arab had commissioned him to procure for him. The slave hunter needed yet to secure a number of blacks in order to make up the number required by Captain Mendoza, and he was anxious to capture them as soon as possible.

El Hassen was now in haste to return to his town. He intended then to make Zara his wife, for now that she knew the secret of his purpose he thought that delay might be dangerous. One evening after the slave-hunters had encamped, and while Zara sat in her tent brooding upon the dark future, El Hassen entered. Zara started up at the sight of him, and retreated, instinctively dreading his near approach. Since she knew of her parents' fate the very sight of the Arab inspired her with horror. El Hassen read the sentiments of the girl in her mobile, expressive countenance, and he was much displeased. But concealing his anger, he said:

"Zara, I have come to tell you that you may resign yourself to my will. Nothing can come between me and my purpose."

Zara shuddered, and she replied:

"Spare me! I will be your slave if you will, but your wife—never!"

"You shall be my queen. Slaves shall do your bidding, and rare jewels and the finest silks—all things women love—shall be yours, only smile upon me."

But Zara did not lift her head. El Hassen waited for her answer a moment, and as she remained silent, he stalked out of the tent in anger. But he was more than ever resolved to carry out his cruel purpose and make Zara his unwilling bride. Left alone Zara threw herself down on her couch. She shed no tears, but her heart was filled with misery. For hours Zara remained thus, and she was thinking deeply. At last she arose. The light of a new resolve flashed in her beautiful eyes. She had determined upon taking the only possible course to escape.

"Yes," she muttered, "it must be! Better perish in the jungle than go to the fate El Hassen has decreed for me. I will make the desperate attempt I have resolved upon."

She knew that Wamba had now entirely recovered his strength, and his wounded arm troubled him but little. The Zulu was kept yoked and fettered with the other blacks, and they were guarded at night by the Arabs, who were under orders from El Hassen to shoot down any one of them who tried to escape. An ugly old Arab, who walked with a bad limp—the result of a spear wound, given him by a native—acted as cook for the men detailed to guard the captured blacks that night. Zara went to the door of her tent, and looking forth, while she was vainly racking her mind to devise some plan for Wamba's liberation, she saw the old Arab cook making a savory stew over a campfire in the part of the camp where the black captives were quartered. The sight presently suggested an idea to the girl.

Then she walked carelessly toward a number of packs and camp utensils, which were heaped under an adjacent tree. Among them she had seen Baba's medicine-bag. Unnoticed, she reached it, opened the bag, and secured what she sought. With the package of opium concealed in her bosom, she went on to the campfire, where the old Arab was preparing supper for the guards of the blacks. Among the latter she saw Wambo. Their eyes met, and it seemed to Zara that her glance must have conveyed some intelligence of her purpose to the Zulu. His eyes brightened, and after that she felt he was watching her with deep interest.

"Now to get the opium into the decoction old Ezbeth is brewing. If he would only turn his back," she thought.

She came close to the great kettle, the contents of which the Arab cook was diligently stirring. He looked up, and grunted a salutation. But some moments passed, and he gave Zara no chance to drop the opium in the kettle. She tasted the stew at the old fellow's request, and praised it, much to his delight. All at once a sharp cry was uttered by Wamba, and he commenced to struggle with his neck-yoke. The Arab cook turned from the fire. Then Zara instantly dropped the opium into the kettle. But as she did so old Ezbeth turned and clutched her arm.

CHAPTER IX.—Discovered.

When Frank Stanhope returned to consciousness, and found himself in the riverside cave, he knew not how long a time had elapsed since the canoe took the terrible plunge in the rapids. The boy gained his feet and groped his way to the entrance below the water level. The floor of the cave here slanted downward, and Frank presently drew back with a shudder as the water was dashed at his feet. He heard the pandemonium of the waves beyond the entrance, and then he crept backward. Solid rock walled in the rear of the cave, as far as he could learn by the sense of feeling, for of course it was dark as Erebus in the underground space. Some time elapsed. Then Frank resumed his explorations in the darkness. And this time he made a discovery. He came upon a narrow fissure in the rocks. A breath of air struck his face, and with a quick exclamation he crowded his form through the rift.

Then Frank found himself in a second cave. He crept forward, feeling his way along the wall, and dreading that he might step into a pitfall. But such a calamity did not befall him. Frank wandered on and on, and suddenly he caught a faint glimmer of light ahead. Oh, how his heart leaped at the sight! Very soon he came to a passage in the side of a hill out to the surface, and he stood once more in the glad sunlight. At first the light blinded him. But as soon as he became accustomed to it he ascended to the top of the hill and took an observation of his surroundings. Afar he saw a cloud of mist hanging over a rugged defile, and he believed that it marked the sight of the falls. The first impulse that seized him was to try to learn what the fate of Zara and Wamba had been. There were wild grapes on the hillside, and, after picking and eating some of these and refreshing himself by drinking from a cool spring of excellent water which he found, Frank set out for the river, guided by the cloud of mist. Soon he caught the roar of the falls, which he would have heard long before had not a strong wind been blowing the wrong way. At last Frank reached the river a short distance below the falls.

Now, however, the slavers had resumed their march. Frank found the traces of their camp, and they had left a well-defined trail behind them. The boy set out to follow it, impelled by his desire to find out the fate of Zara and Wamba the Zulu. Then, too, he thought if he could trail the slavers undetected, they might sooner or later conduct him to the sea coast. Frank presently made a discovery that thrilled him with most intense joy. On a thorn-bush he saw a shred of silk which he knew had been torn from Zara's costume, and pressing on, animated anew by the belief that the fair captive of the Arabs yet lived, he followed the trail all day. On the evening when Zara sought to drug the food of the men who were to stand guard over the captured blacks Frank crept near the camp. He saw Zara and Wamba, and rejoiced accordingly.

But at that very moment an unseen danger menaced him. A huge African serpent coiled on the limb of a tree underneath which he was passing suddenly swung half its scaly length down-

ward and encircled Frank. With startling swiftness, the serpent lapped fold after fold around the boy, while he struggled to throw it off. The combat between the boy and the serpent caused a crashing noise in the thicket, and hearing it, several Arabs seized their carbines, and sprang into the cover. The succeeding moment Frank was discovered.

CHAPTER X.—Larry O'Lynn Again.

The exultant Arabs promptly attacked the serpent and soon dispatched it. Frank was released from the repulsive captivity in which the huge snake had held him only to become the victim of another form of enthrallment. The men who discovered the boy pounced upon him, as soon as he was free from the serpent's hold, and dragged him into the slave-hunters' camp. It was at that moment that old Ezbeth, the cook, seized Zara's arm, just after she had dropped the opium in the kettle. The commotion Wamba had made was a ruse on the part of Zulu to detract the attention of the old Arab from Zara. Without divining her precise motive Wamba saw that the girl was watching a chance to do something unseen by the old cook.

"Surely you do not grudge me a taste of your stew," said Zara, looking up at the old Arab innocently.

The opium was in the form of a powder, and it had disappeared in the contents of the kettle. Old Ezbeth was deceived. He released his hold upon Zara, and then both he and the girl saw Frank led into the camp. El Hassen rushed from his tent and gazed upon the young American as if he regarded him as one returned from the grave, of whose material existence he was held in doubt. But in a moment exultation was the slaver's dominant sentiment.

"Oh, ho! By Ali! this is good fortune! A hundred more gold pieces for my treasure chest the capture of the boy means. But my friend Broderick will never know the truth regarding the boy."

Then he ordered Frank to be voked and fettered like the other slaves, and this was done, but the boy was not allowed to speak to Zara or Wamba. A little later old Baba, having finished his game of helga, went to his medicine bag. The old fellow was a confirmed opium-eaten, and he sought for the drug which Zara had purloined. Missing it he was much disappointed and angry. Circumstances were leading up to a discovery of Zara's plot. A few moments later the old Arab was at the fire where the cook was still busy with his stew, and the appetizing odor caused Baba to taste it. At once he faintly detected the presence of his favorite drug, and exclaimed:

"By the beard of the prophet, there is opium in the stew!"

Then upon the cook's mind flashed the recollection of Zara's presence at the fire, and the suspicion half awakened by seeing her complete a covert movement about the kettle returned.

"The girl has drugged the stew!" he exclaimed, and then explained to Baba why he thought so.

Baba ran at once to El Hassen and communicated what the cook had said. The sheik strode

to Zara and accused her. The girl denied all knowledge of the drug and said in conclusion:

"I am sure Baba is mistaken. He only fancies he tasted opium in the stew."

"We shall see," replied El Hassen, and then he ordered one of the black captives brought forward. This was done, and the negro was compelled to eat of the stew.

The result was a death-blow to Bara's hopes. The negro quickly fell into a sleep from which it was impossible to awaken him.

"You see we have the proof of your falsehood and treachery, girl. Beware how you plot against me. My patience has a limit, and I have not forgotten the use of the bow-string," said El Hassen, in menacing tones, and then he ordered Zara to retire to her tent and placed a double guard at the door when she had entered the shelter. And so Zara was baffled. Finally the long journey drew to a close, and one evening, at the hour of a glorious African sunset, the slave-hunters arrived in sight of El Hassen's walled town, and beyond its rude but formidable battlements, Frank Stanhope caught a glimpse of the Atlantic Ocean.

* * * * *

Meanwhile certain events had transpired in New York, in which Frank would have been deeply interested had he known of them. In about two weeks from the time he was struck down by Jason Broderick's cruel blow, Larry O'Lynn, the faithful Irishman, who was Frank's friend, recovered. As soon as consciousness returned to him, the poor fellow turned to Daniel Morton, Frank's guardian, who was at his bedside and said:

"The man who struck me was the blackguard agin whom I was afther warnin' yez, I mane Jason Broderick!"

Mr. Morton was thunderstruck. At first he thought that Larry was raving—but a second glance told him the poor fellow was no longer delirious. Mr. Morton thought for a moment in silence. Then he said excitedly:

"Jason Broderick is the next heir to Mathew Stanhope's fortune after Luther and Frank."

"Arrah, now it's in terror I am for the lad, for suppose that they found the missionary dead?"

"The suggestion is terrible! Oh, Larry, what is to be done?"

"Someone must go after the boy and try to save him from Jason Broderick, if needs be."

"But who will go?"

"Sure an' I will."

"You, Larry—you?"

"Yes, master dear. Sure, an' I owe the murderin' blackguard one, and I love Master Frank."

"You're a noble fellow, Larry."

"And I may go?"

"Yes, yes! And I thank you from my heart for so nobly volunteering."

There was further conversation, and it was all arranged that as soon as he was able to do so Larry should go in pursuit of Frank and Jason Broderick. When Larry had begun to go about the house again he was one day in the room that had been occupied by Jason Broderick, when he was Mr. Morton's guest. Larry was putting things to rights, and while thus engaged he chanced to move the fire-board, and then he picked up the letter which Jason Broderick had

accidentally dropped behind it. Larry deciphered it. Then in a state of great excitement he ran with it to Mr. Morton, who read the letter thus:

"Zanzibar, Africa, Sept. 9th, 18—.

"Jason Broderick:

"Comrade.—I write to tell you that the slave trade is again prosperous. The English have not spoiled it yet in my territory. I need a good man, such as you were, and I wish you would join me again. You know how to reach my stronghold. Address me at Zanzibar, and let me know if you will come.

"Your old comrade,

"El Hassen, Sheik."

"So Jason Broderick was a slave hunter after all," said Mr. Morton, when the Arab's letter had been read.

No more proof of Broderick's villainous character was wanting, and a few days later Larry O'Lynn secured passage for Africa on the only ship then about to sail for that continent. This ship was called *The Vulture*, and it was commanded by one Captain Mendoza, a Spaniard. The vessel sailed, and on board it went Larry O'Lynn. It was a strange confidence, but the brave Irishman had sailed on the very slave-ship to whose captain El Hassen meant to sell Frank Stanhope as a slave. Startling developments must soon ensue.

The *Vulture* carried a crew of fifty desperadoes.

But Larry did not suspicion anything was wrong. He did not like Mendoza's appearance. One day he chanced to go into Mendoza's cabin by mistake and there saw a letter lying on a table addressed to Mendoza but signed by Broderick. The note told the character of the *Vulture*. Now Larry planned to join Mendoza's band and the first chance he got he broached the subject. Mendoza fell for it, as he liked the Irishman and saw he would be a valuable man in a schrimmage. So he took Larry out on deck and introduced him to the crew as a new addition to their ranks. Larry soon found out that the slave ship was bound for El Hassen's stronghold.

CHAPTER XI.—Frank Stanhope In An African Pen.

Frank Stanhope and the Arab slave-hunters who had made him and Wamba, the Zulu, captives, marched forward toward El Hassen's walled town with very different feelings, after the stronghold of the slaver came in sight. The Arabs were rejoiced that their long and perilous journey was almost ended and that they would soon be at home again, bringing with them a company of blacks whose sale would further enrich them. Frank looked forward to what was to come in dismay, and Zara, too, felt now that the crisis of her fate was fast approaching. Wamba alone seemed indifferent. But was not his stoicism assumed? The approach of the returning slave-hunters was soon discovered by watchmen stationed on the stone battlements of the town.

and the populace came forth to welcome the returning band. In the walled town dwelt the wives and families of the slave-hunters, and a scene of rejoicing ensued. The captives were marched through the gates of the town, and then Frank saw Zara led away by El Hassen, while he and Wamba were marched onward into the heart of the settlement with the line of negroes.

Frank and Zara had no opportunity to exchange a word at parting, but their eyes met, despite the distance that intervened between them and there was a telegraphic exchange of loving looks. And as Zara disappeared through the portals of the largest house in the town, still conducted by the Arab sheik, she waved her hand in token of farewell. The young lovers knew not if they should ever meet again, and that silent parting was all the more pathetic by reason of the doubt and uncertainty that enveloped their future. Frank and Wamba were driven into a great slave pen without a roof, simply a rude stockade whose walls no captive had ever yet scaled. There the neckyokes and other fetters with which they had been secured during the journey that was ended now were removed. Then Wamba and the young American boy had an opportunity to grasp hands and converse. But the scene in that African slave pen was so heart-rending that even the Zulu was moved, and more depressed than Frank had ever seen him.

The poor blacks understood the fate that was before them. They had seen the sea, and they knew they were destined to be carried far away across its unknown width to return no more. There was a saturnalia of grief—a lamentation and wailing, an outburst of human misery. The grief of the negroes was that of despair. They felt now that all hope was gone. They believed they were never to see home or kindred again; that the free life they had known was ended forever, to be succeeded by hopeless slavery, which would end only when they lay down to die, and the Great Master struck off the cruel chains of bondage which his presumptuous creatures had dared to place upon their fellow-men. Oh cruel slavery! how shall thy sins ever be atoned for?

The desperate negroes, in several instances, committed suicide in the prison pen by opening veins by means of flinty stones and allowing themselves to bleed to death. The horror of it all made a terrible impression upon Frank Stanhope. He had never before formed an accurate conception of the depths of human misery there was in the world. He and Wamba kept together, and all their thoughts and conversation tended to one end. They constantly sought to devise some plan of escape from the dreadful prison pen. But they could conjure up no means whereby to accomplish the end they desired. The Arabs guarded the slave pen closely day and night: Sentinels were regularly posted and exchanged, and the walls were too high to be scaled without a ladder. The captives found their situation entirely hopeless.

Twice a day—morning and night—the coarsest food was distributed to the captives, and then only were the doors of the slave pen opened. At such times a file of Arabs, with level carbines, were drawn up across the entrance, and Frank and Wamba knew that to make a rush to escape then would be to hasten to certain death. They

were not desperate enough to perish thus. But some of the ignorant, despairing blacks adopted this method of ending their misery. Frank saw several of them shot down by the Arabs. Frank told Wamba about the land beyond the sea, and tried to hope that if he and the Zulu were sold into slavery in the West Indies, they might escape even from there. The boy counted on making an impression on whosoever might become his purchaser because he was white. He did not think that El Hassen, who was now his bitter enemy because of his jealousy, had thought of that and meant to defeat such an attempt. But this was true, as Frank was soon destined to learn.

With all his despair, the boy's most harrowing reflections were of Zara. That she was forever lost to him, and doomed to meet a fate such as he shuddered to contemplate, was the most bitter thought he experienced. It made him frantic to think that he was powerless to interpose between her and the ruthless slave-hunter. And the boys thought of the man whose treachery had condemned him to this, the most cruel fate that could fall to the lot of man, and in the horrible African prison pen, he registered a mental vow, that if the good God answered his prayers and led him out of bondage back to his own free native land again, Jason Borderick should surely meet the punishment he so richly deserved. Several days went by, and one evening a file of Arabs marched into the slave pen, singled out Frank and conducted him out alone. The boy wondered, in painful suspense, what was coming now. But the escort was mute. They could tell him nothing.

Upon leaving the slave pen the Arabs conducted Frank to a small stone building, where El Hassen and several other Arabs met him. Then he was forced to drink of a strange, bitter decoction, and shortly after swallowing the mixture he experienced a sense of sleepiness against which he struggled unsuccessfully. He thought, as he strove to keep awake, that he had been poisoned, and his terror was beyond description. Finally he lost consciousness—a death-like slumber came upon him. When he awoke he was back in the slave pen, and he opened his eyes to see Wamba standing over him with a look of consternation and surprise on his black face.

"What is it, Wamba?" cried Frank.

"De Arabs hab made you brack," replied the Zulu: and it was true.

While he was in a drugged sleep some application of coloring matter had been applied to his skin, and he was now almost as swarthy as a real African. Frank cried out in despair as he realized all this.

"But de color wear off some time," said Wamba.

"But too late to do me any good, perhaps. Let me now proclaim that I am white and no one will believe me. My hair is black and crispy curly. Only my regular features are in my favor, and some Africans possess regular features," replied Frank despondently.

"But no brack boy talk like you. Arab can't change dat."

"True, Wamba. But the Spanish slave-holders of the West Indies are a cruel, mercenary class of men. They may refuse to liberate me under

any circumstances. I have heard of white men being enslaved by them."

"You am gibbin' up. Don't do dat, Marse Frank."

"No, I will not," replied the lad determinedly.

"Lat's right. Wamba don't gib up. Zulu neber does. Him brave. We make big fight, maybe, across the sea."

"Cunning and favorable circumstances alone can save us there, I fear."

Thus they talked on for some time to the same purpose, and meanwhile El Hassen rejoiced at Frank's transformation, and he muttered:

"Now there will be no question about Captain Mendoza's buying the boy as a black."

But one day the sound of musketry was heard. The native tribes outside the walls had attacked Hassen's stronghold. Hassen's followers repelled their attack the best they could, but the native horde was too much for them and they were driven back, and in the midst of it all El Hassen was killed. The natives had captured the city. A new sheik now took charge. His name was Ben Mourad. Some days later the boom of cannon was heard and a vessel entered the harbor. It landed and soon was in consultation with Ben Mourad. At the conclusion the Spaniard counted out a large sum in gold for Ben Mourad, who then said:

"You have paid the price. Now Zara, the white girl, is yours."

CHAPTER XII.—Larry O'Lynn In the Slave-Hunters' Town.

The slave ship had not made a quick voyage. Several incidents had occurred to delay the vessel. First several severe storms were encountered off the coast of the Cape of Good Hope. The Vulture was more than once threatened with destruction; but the vessel proved herself a stanch craft, and she outrode the storms. After crossing the tropic line, the Vulture encountered new perils. One afternoon, as Larry O'Lynn, who was still in high favor with the Spanish captain of the slaver, and Mendoza himself were on deck, the lookout sighted a vessel and gave the usual cry of:

"Sail, ho!"

Suddenly taking his glass, Captain Mendoza exclaimed:

"Diablo! An English man-of-war!"

Instantly the crew, who heard this announcement, evinced considerable excitement. Mendoza quickly issued his orders. Every stich of canvas was spread, and under full sail the Vulture forged ahead. The man-of-war pursued the slave-ship, but the latter held its own until toward nightfall. Then the wind changed and the Vulture's speed decreased. Mendoza paced the deck uneasily, and consulted a chart, such as navigators use to sail by. Just as the sun was setting the lookout shouted:

"Land, ho!"

"The African coast!" exclaimed Mendoza.

"You are making for land, captain," said Larry.

"Si, Senor. I know of a hiding-place in the hidden mouth of a river. The Vulture can slip into it, but the man-of-war cannot follow," replied the Spaniard.

Darkness came on apace. The man-of-war became invisible in the gloom, and the slaver ran on. Some hours later, the moon having appeared, the slave-ship, guided by a man at the wheel who knew the passage, picked its way safely through a narrow passage and entered a river. Very soon it was out of sight from the sea, and in the morning lookouts concealed among the rocks at the mouth of the channel reported the man-of-war in sight. But the disappearance of the slaver was a mystery to the British vessel. She coasted on and off along shore, but made no discovery. At length the war vessel sailed away, and was seen no more. The slaver then lost no time in getting his vessel out of the channel, and the voyage was resumed.

But another storm was encountered not many days later, and the Vulture sustained injuries which compelled her to put into the port of St. Paul de Loanda for repairs, and there she remained for a long period, waiting for the ship carpenters to obtain the required materials for the repairs. At last the Vulture was ready for sea again, and leaving the Port of St. Paul de Loanda, she sailed northward, and in due time thereafter sighted the stronghold of the slave-hunters, as we have seen. When Captain Mendoza landed, Larry O'Lynn accompanied him, and while the Spaniard was engaged in the private interview with Ben Mourad and his Circassian, the Irishman, with some of the crew of the Vulture, wandered about the town. Ben Mourad had now established himself in El Hassen's house, and it was there that Captain Mendoza held his private confab with the new sheik and his wife.

As soon as the captain of the slave-ship heard of the death of El Hassen his swarthy face brightened. He seemed to find some source of satisfaction in the intelligence. And so, when he was alone with the new sheik and his wife, after the business pertaining to the purchase of the black slaves had been discussed, Captain Mendoza broached the subject of Zara's purchase also. We have seen how the matter ended. The mercenary Ben Mourad and his wife sold Zara to the Spaniard. In the room adjoining the one in which the interview between the Arabs and the Spaniard had taken place Zara was sequestered, and she had heard all. Zara staggered across the room, and sank down upon her knees before a window when the Spaniard was gone. She felt that fate was cruel indeed, and she dreaded Mendoza even more than she had feared El Hassen.

"Heaven send me deliverance! Oh, that Frank might escape and rescue me. But such a thing is impossible, for he is imprisoned in the terrible slave pen!" she murmured.

The lattice was open. As she spoke a head was raised above the sill, and a strange face of a white man looked in upon her.

"Don't be frightened, miss. Sure it's a friend I am. Larry O'Lynn is me name, and if the Frank I heard ye spake the name av just now is Frank Stanhope, faith an' ye may have heard av me."

Larry had chanced to wander to the sheik's house, and but a moment before had sat down to rest on a bench under the window. Frank Stanhope had mentioned Larry to Zara in one of their conversations, which it was not necessary that we should have recorded. The girl knew the man

before her was her boyish lover's devoted friend. "Frank Stanhope is indeed the name of the youth of whom I spoke. He has told me of you. Poor Frank is doomed to slavery. But speak. Tell me how you came here?" said the girl quickly.

Larry explained and then Zara told him all she knew of Frank's adventures and that she had just been sold to the captain of the slave ship.

CHAPTER XIII.—Frank Makes An Appeal to Captain Mendoza.

Then he went on to explain how he came to the slave-hunters' town, and understanding his position, Zara exclaimed, when he had concluded:

"And so you are powerless to help us?"

"Well, miss, to say the truth, it's a small bit av power I have just now, but I'll be wid ye on board the slave ship, an' you can trust to an Irishman's wits to protect ye from the black-muzzled Spaniard in some way. And thin, when the vessel reaches the West Indians, sure, an' we'll make a try to give the slaver the slip. Faith, an' circumstances will have to govern all our plans. We can't make thim all out in advance, ye know."

Larry crept away as he spoke, and Zara watched him until he was out of sight, to make sure whether or not he was observed by the Arabs. No one seemed to have noted his interview at the window, and Zara breathed a sigh of relief as he turned an adjacent corner and disappeared. Meantime Captain Mendoza, after leaving the sheik's house, set about making preparations for the loading of his ship with the slaves. Larry O'Lynn stationed himself at the rude pier at which the slaves were embarked in the boats, and eagerly scanned the faces of the African captives as they were hurried into the boats by the Arabs and the crew of the slave ship. At length the last boat-load of human freight was ready to put off to the ship, and still Larry had not seen Frank.

But Frank was in the last boat, and Wamba, the Zulu giant, was with him. As yet the young American had not seen Larry, and he had no thought that his humble Irish friend was near. What then was the lad's astonishment when, just as the boat was being pulled away from the pier, he caught sight of the rugged, good-natured face of Larry as the latter stood on the landing.

"Larry! Larry!"

Then the Irishman saw and knew him, and then, quick as thought, he made the boy a warning signal, and turned his back upon him just as Captain Mendoza came up. Frank and Wamba were put below decks with the other slaves. The lad had resolved to appeal to the captain of the slave vessel. He had determined to tell him he was a white lad and an American. The youth would have spoken thus to Mendoza at the landing, but the sight of Larry banished the thought from his mind for the time. But now, finding himself in the hold of the vessel with the black slaves, the horror of the situation led Frank to dash by the guards and regain the deck. Just then Captain Mendoza, Zara and Larry O'Lynn came up the ladder from the captain's boat and reached the deck. The guards whom Frank had

passed at the foot of the hatchway were pursuing him, intent upon dragging him back to the terrible place from which he had escaped. Frank paused before the trio who had just gained the deck of the slaver.

"Hear me, Captain Mendoza!" he cried. "I am a white boy, an American, and the victim of a cruel injustice! A treacherous enemy sold me into slavery, and colored my skin to make me pass for a black. I implore you to have mercy, and not consign me to the black hole in which the negroes are herded like cattle;"

"What's this? Diablo! You speak like a white man. Who are you? Tell me all about yourself!" said Mendoza.

Frank believed that Mendoza was Jason Broderick's friend, and he was quick to think it would not be best to mention his treacherous cousin, so he related his story in a few words, giving Broderick a fictitious name.

"The Arabs have deceived me. Well, I've paid them the price for you, and so it's no use to go back for my money. However, I'll make it up out of them the next voyage. Young man, you look enough like a slave to deceive a casual observer, but now my attention is particularly called to you, I do no doubt you are what you claim to be. I've known the Arabs to be up to such tricks as this," said Mendoza.

"And surely you will set me free? I've friends in America who will repay you fourfold the price you have given the Arabs for me."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, boy. I'll treat you well on the voyage, and after I've landed my cargo in Cuba I'll sail for New York, and if your friends come to my terms, well and good—they shall have you back all safe."

CHAPTER XIV.—Betrayed By An Accident.

Captain Mendoza then ordered Frank to be supplied with suitable clothing, and told him to select a berth in the fore-castle. Fortunately Zara had not shown that she knew Frank, and so Mendoza did not suspect the truth regarding the maiden and the lad. The maiden recalled her experience with El Hassen under similar conditions, and she was convinced that if Mendoza discovered that she and Frank were lovers the Spaniard would be even more vindictive in his enmity to the boy than the sheik was. Zara felt that Frank must be warned without delay to conceal the secret of their love from Mendoza. Soon after the ship weighed anchor, she went on deck, and presently Mendoza and Larry O'Lynn joined her. The Spaniard, with great politeness, introduced the Irishman, and then, as he was called away by a sailor, the young girl and her secret friend were left free to converse. Zara told Larry her plans. The Irishman approved of them, and at the first opportunity sought Frank in the fore-castle.

The boy was alone there when Larry entered, and he had just donned some more appropriate clothing than that which he had worn when brought on board with the negroes. There was no one to witness the meeting, and Larry caught Frank in his arms and hugged him, while tears of joy came into his honest eyes, and the lad

was equally deeply moved. Larry told Frank all that was worth telling, and then the boy had to relate all his adventures. Then Larry gave him Zara's warning, and Frank promised to be constantly on his guard, and under no circumstances to betray the sweet secret of his love for Zara. The Vulture sailed for some time before favorable winds, and the weather held fine. Everything seemed to promise a quick passage to the West Indies, and Mendoza and his crew were therefore in excellent spirits.

Frank fared very well. But he did not forget the poor Zulu who was among the negroes in the awful prison-hole under the decks. The boy secretly conveyed Wamba food and fresh water, and did all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the brave Zulu. One day, during a high wind, Frank ascended the mast, and losing his hold on the cross-trees, he fell to the deck. A rope partially broke his fall, but he lay like one dead where he struck the deck. Zara stood by the rail and Mendoza was at her side when the accident occurred. Zara saw Frank fall, and she believed he was dead. At that moment an awful grief and despair at the thought of her boyish lover's fate, Zara forgot all caution, and springing to his side, she fell upon her knees and raised the boy's head in her arms. Then, while she kissed him and her tears fell fast, she moaned:

"Dead! Dead! Oh, Frank, speak to me! My love, my life, let me hear your voice again!"

Mendoza heard and saw all. The Spaniard became livid with rage, and darting to Zara he tore her from the insensible boy.

"So, so! You have cleverly fooled me. You and the boy are old acquaintances and lovers!" he exclaimed.

At that moment Frank opened his eyes and groaned.

"Mercy, mercy! what have I done? He lives, and I have betrayed our secret! thought Zara, and then, half fainting, she hung heavily on Mendoza's arm.

The Spaniard hurried her to the cabin, and thrust her through the door, saying in angry tones:

"Now I understand why you turned a deaf ear to my vows of devotion. The boy was between us, but the obstacle shall soon be removed."

"A sail—a sail!" shouted the lookout, as Mendoza came on deck. Larry O'Lynn was beside Frank, and he saw by the expression of the Spaniard's face that all the jealous hatred of his nature was aroused against the boy. The Spaniard seized the glass and looked through it at the vessel which had just been discovered.

"An English man-of-war. And as I live the very fellow who gave us chase before. She is hearing down on us and we have got to run for it!" announced Mendoza after a moment.

Then he gave orders to get the vessel under all possible headway, and addressing two ferocious-looking Spaniards of the crew, he said:

"Take that black boy down into the hole. Thrust him in among the slaves where he belongs, and see that he does not come out again."

Frank was hurried away, and Mendoza hissed in his ear as he passed him:

"You shall be sold into slavery in Cuba with the rest of the blacks."

A few moments later Frank found himself

again in the horrible dungeon below decks among the blacks. Wamba joined Frank and conversed despairingly until, all at once, the booming of a cannon startled them. Then Frank knew the man-of-war had fired on the slaver. The firing continued, and gradually drew nearer. Meantime it began to look as if the man-of-war would force the slaver to lay to. But night was at hand. Mendoza felt there was a chance left of getting off under cover of the darkness.

CHAPTER XV.—Frank Sold As A Slave.

The night passed, and when daybreak came no ship was in sight. The Vulture had a narrow escape that time. But she was not troubled again, and the voyage to the West Indies was made in safety. Slavery was yet an institution in full force in all the island. The Spanish authority in Cuba yet encouraged the slave trade, and so the Vulture entered the harbor of Santiago. The port was made at night, and Mendoza, who still remained unsuspecting of Larry, informed the Irishman that the following day the slaves would be landed. At a late hour that night Larry eluded observation and entered the slave prison below decks. He found Frank and quickly acquainted him with a plan which he had formed, looking to the rescue of Zara and his own ultimate rescue. Larry was allowed to go about the vessel as he would, and so no suspicion was awakened in the minds of the guards. The Irishman waited until an hour after midnight. Then he crept to the anchor chains and descended to a boat which had been lowered, and that yet floated there. Entering the boat, he cast off, and rowed noiselessly along the side of the vessel until he came to the window of Zara's cabin. Zara was at the window. She expected Larry, for he had found opportunity to acquaint her with his project before he visited Frank. Assisted by Larry, Zara crept through the window, which proved to be amply large enough to admit the passage of her slender form. The boat, then noiselessly propelled, was directed to the shore. The night was dark, and the gloom favored Larry.

The lights of Santiago guided him, and he soon brought the boat to a landing. Having carefully made it fast Larry assisted Zara to disembark, and noting his way, so that he could find the boat again, he led the maiden along a roughly paved street and into the town. The streets were deserted, and Larry and Zara made their way to the open country without meeting anyone. Finally they came to a hut in a grove in the window of which a light glowed. Larry had a well-filled money belt on his person, and he meant to bribe the occupants of the isolated dwelling to secrete Zara, if he found them such persons as he was inclined to trust. Judge of his surprise when the occupant of the hut proved to be an Irishman by the name of Miles Nolan, who, when he heard the story, heartily agreed to help them. Zara was assigned an apartment in the rear of the one into which they had been admitted.

Soon after that Larry returned to his boat. The daring fellow succeeded in getting back on board the vessel undetected. The following morning the escape of Zara was discovered. Mendoza

at once suspected treachery. But he concealed this suspicion, and having especially instructed two of his men to watch their comrades, with a view to discovering if there was a traitor among them, Mendoza and a dozen of his men, including Larry, who seemed eager for the service, landed to look for Zara. But the quest was futile. Failing to find any trace of the girl, Mendoza, in great disappointment, returned to the vessel with his party. Then the work of unloading the blacks began. They were conducted to a large open shed in a public square which served as a slave market. The news of the arrival of a cargo of blacks from Africa was quickly circulated. The planters came in from the surrounding country, and for three days the sale continued.

During that time Mendoza caused his agents to ransack the town and surrounding country for Zara, but she was not found. Frank Stanhope was placed in the slave market with the other slaves, and on the third day, despite his claim, which he proclaimed to all, that he was a white boy and an American, he was purchased by a swarthy Spanish planter of most savage appearance. Wamba was also bought by the same man. Frank's master led him out of the slave-pen and turned him and the Zulu over to two of his drivers—cruel half-breeds—to be conducted to his plantation. The journey was to be made in a cart, drawn by a span of mules. Senor De Galona, Frank's purchaser, was to remain in the town for a time.

As soon as Larry learned all this, he inquired all about the route to Da Galona's plantation. Securely bound, Frank and Wamba were made to sit in the rear of the cart, while the slave-drivers took their places on the seat. Then the journey over the frightful roads, amid the luxuriant tropical scenery of the interior was commenced. That evening a halt was made at a wayside village composed almost entirely of blacks. Frank and Wamba were secured in a cabin, and after receiving some coarse food, they were left to themselves. Toward midnight Frank was awakened from a troubled sleep by Wamba. The boy started up, and then, by the light from the moon which entered through a narrow window under the roof, he saw the giant Zulu standing before him free of his manacles. The Zulu had been straining and tugging at the irons for hours, and at last his wonderful strength had enabled him to break the catch that secured the manacles. This Wamba explained in a few words, and he added:

"Now, come. In swamp maybe we get irons off your wrists."

The door was secured on the outer side, but the giant Zulu placed his shoulder against it, and then his herculean power was brought into full play. After several ineffectual efforts he succeeded in forcing open the door. Then they stole out of the cabin. But at that moment several dogs set up a loud barking not far away. The dogs uttered terrible long-drawn, wailing howls. The cabin from which they had escaped was near the confines of the village, and they quickly passed the last house and struck out for the wooded swamp beyond.

But they had not run far when they saw two men coming toward them from the swamp. At

almost the same time they heard shouts from the village, and saw several lights flashing about at the cabin from which they had fled. They knew that the bloodhounds had awakened the slave-drivers, for they recognized their voices. The fugitives halted for an instant. They thought there were foes before as well as behind them. But one of the two men who were hastening from the swamp suddenly called out to them thus:

"This way, Frank! Sure, it's Larry and a friend that's comin'! Have no fear, lad!"

Uttering a glad reply, Frank advanced at full speed, and Wamba followed him. They met Larry and his comrade in a moment. The latter was Miles Nolan, the Irish blacksmith who had befriended Zara. All four made for the swamp, and as they fled, Larry said:

"Zara is waitin' for us in a canoe in the swamp. There is a river running through it, an' we mane to reach the say by wather. Miles here knows the way, an' he furnished the canoe, an' he is goin' wid us."

Frank raised his manacled hands and grasped the palms of the honest man, while he thanked him with much feeling for the assistance he had rendered Zara, and for what he was now doing. Shortly after entering the swamp, where the way became more difficult, and they were obliged to go more slowly they heard the baying of the Cuban bloodhounds drawing nearer. Then ensued a thrilling race. The fugitives ran for the river with all speed, and nearer and nearer came the pursuing bloodhounds in full cry. But presently the sluggish muddy river that traversed the swamp came in sight under the moonlight, and a moment or so subsequently the foremost bloodhound dashed into view through a clump of bushes in the rear. But the fugitives gained the river and entered a large canoe moored to the shore, in which Zara awaited them.

The canoe was paddled away from the shore just as the rest of the pack of man-hunting dogs came in sight. Larry carried a pair of heavy-caliber revolvers, and standing up in the canoe he sent a volley of shots at the bloodhounds, dropping two in their tracks, and more or less severely wounding several others. The canoe was then shot forward by vigorous paddling and the surviving hounds followed along the bank, howling madly.

CHAPTER XVI.—Conclusion.

The course of the stream was tortuous, and a bend in its winding way presently hid the bloodhounds from the fugitives' sight. They doubted not that the men who followed the dogs were close behind, and they did not decrease the speed of the canoe. They rowed on at great speed, but still they heard the bloodhounds behind them. Two or three hours longer the journey on the river was continued. Then they came in sight of the sea. The broad expanse of the Atlantic, beyond which lay the land of safety, stretched afar under the moonlight, and all at once the keen-eyed Zulu sprang to his feet, and, pointing out upon the ocean, exclaimed:

"See! see! Dar ship! dar ship!"

Every eye was turned in the direction indicated

by the Zulu, and presently the other occupants of the canoe sighted a sail. Then how their hearts thrilled! Eagerly they watched the sail as it grew more and more distinct, until all could make out a large vessel. They paddled out of the river into the blue water of the ocean beyond, while they watched the vessel, which was slowly drawing nearer. Frank kept straining his eyes in the effort to make out the flag, and suddenly a cry of joy—such as made every heart leap—escaped the boy's lips.

"The Stars and Stripes! See—see! It is the American flag that floats at the masthead of the ship!" he cried, and then, despite his manacled wrists, he strove to clasp Zara in his arms. And such a shout went up from the canoe that, hearing it, the officer in command of the approaching vessel discovered the little craft containing the fugitives. We need not dwell upon what immediately ensued. Suffice to say that Frank and his companions were taken on board the American vessel, which was homeward bound. They told their remarkable and thrilling story, and their countrymen did all in their power to make them comfortable during the homeward voyage. In due time Frank and his companions arrived in New York, and they all proceeded from the landing in a carriage directly to the residence of Frank's guardian, Mr. Morton. In the meantime Jason Broderick had returned to New York and told of the death of Frank and his uncle, Luther Stanhope. According to Broderick, Frank had died in Central Africa, from the bite of a poisonous serpent.

Mr. Morton was deeply grieved to learn of Frank's death, and he doubted Broderick's story. In truth, he believed that Frank had met with foul play at the hands of Broderick, but in the absence of any proof of this he dared not openly accuse the villain. Now, it chanced that on the day of which we are writing, at the same hour that Frank and his companions were approaching Mr. Morton's house, Broderick called there to demand certain papers which were in the possession of Frank's guardian, and which Broderick now claimed as the heir of the Stanhope fortune. Mr. Morton and Broderick were alone in the library when a servant admitted Frank and his companions to the house. Frank inquired for his uncle, and the servant informed him he was in the library with Jason Broderick.

"Do not announce us. I want to hear what Broderick is saying," said Frank, and then he led the way to the library door noiselessly, and the others followed without making a sound. Listening at the library door Frank heard Mr. Morton say:

"Jason Broderick, I doubt the truth of your story about Frank's death. Oh, that I could feel certain of the poor boy's real fate!"

"I tell you he is dead. He died in my arms after I had cared for him as tenderly as if he was my own child."

At that Frank threw open the door and advanced into the room, followed by Larry and the others.

"Here I am, Uncle Daniel, alive and well. But that scoundrel meant to murder me!" cried Frank.

Broderick uttered an awful cry and turned white as death, while his eyes seemed to start

from his head as though he thought he was looking upon a ghost.

"See, uncle! A guilty conscience needs no accuser! Observe the guilt in his face!" added Frank, pointing at Broderick accusingly.

"Furies! All is lost! The river has given back its dead!" cried Broderick, and then seized with sudden terror of punishment he made a dash for the door.

"But Larry O'Lynn sprang before him.

"Stop, ye black-muzzled thafe o' the wor-ruld!" cried Larry, and as he spoke he caught Broderick a stunning blow between the eyes that felled the villain at his feet. "Blow for blow, Jason Broderick, an' this time it is my turn!" added the Irishman. Then Larry held Broderick down while Miles Nolan called in a policeman, and the villain was placed under arrest and led away by the officer.

Frank's guardian embraced him, and a scene of great rejoicing ensued. Zara was introduced, and Mr. Morton welcomed her. The story of Frank's adventures was told again, and everybody talked, and Larry and Miles Nolan and Wamba, the Zulu found themselves regarded as great heroes.

* * * * *

Some time subsequently Frank was placed in possession of the Stanhope million through his guardian, who was appointed as trustee for the boy. Zara's relatives were found, and they proved to be excellent worthy people, and the young girl was restored to them. Miles Nolan was set up in business as a blacksmith in New York, and he became a prosperous citizen. Wamba wanted to return to Zululand, and so Frank sent him back to Africa by an American steamer.

Larry remained in Frank's service to the end of his days, and some years subsequently the young American and the beautiful Zara became man and wife. Jason Broderick died in a prison cell, and he was never brought to trial for his crimes. Future years of mutual happiness and prosperity was the lot of Frank and his beautiful bride, and they never regretted that they had plighted their troth far away in Central Africa.

Next week's issue will contain "RATTLING RUBE; or, THE JOLLY YOUNG SCOUT AND SPY."

Get next week's number. In it we tell you how to own a wonderful radio at low cost.

"Professor," said Miss Ambition, "I want you to suggest a course in life for me. I have thought of journalism——" "What are your natural inclinations?" "Oh, my soul yearns, and throbs, and pulsates with an ambition to give the world a lifework that shall be marvelous in its scope and weirdly entrancing in the vastness of its structural beauty." "Woman, you're born to be a milliner."

CURRENT NEWS

\$600 SOLITAIRE FOUND INSIDE WEAK-FISH

"A whale of a weakfish" was all George Bertrand, who owns a restaurant at No. 405 Union street, Union Hill, N. J., could say the other day. George was cleaning a batch of fish when he noticed something shiny inside a six-pound weakfish.

The something turned out to be a 1½ carat diamond set in a heavy gold ring. Inside the ring was engraved "E. D. 1887."

Jewellers told George the ring was worth about \$600. George told customers that, everything considered, it had been a pretty profitable day. Customers said from now on they would clean their own fish.

1,846,230 GERMANS MET DEATH IN WORLD WAR

Germany lost 1,846,230 dead in the world war, according to official statistics.

Of these 56,133 were officers and officials, 212,069 non-commissioned and warrant officers, 1,572,523 enlisted men, and 5,568 men whose ranks were not reported.

The number of their dependents is fixed at 1,945,000, comprising 533,000 widows, 1,134,000 children, partially orphaned, 58,000 orphans, 58,000 parental couples and 162,000 parents who were already widows or widowers.

WHO DISCOVERED THE KANGAROO?

W. B. Alexander of the Western Australian Museum, at Perth, W. A., has recently corrected a popular mistake in the history of natural history. The discovery of the kangaroo family is generally credited to Sir Joseph Banks and is supposed to have occurred during Captain Cook's first voyage, in 1770. This date, it appears, is nearly 150 years too late. When the Dutch East India company's ship, the *Batavia*, under command of Captain Pelsart, was wrecked on the Abrolhos Islands in 1629 the survivors encountered among other things the Dama wallaby, the first member of the kangaroo family known to Europeans. Captain Pelsart described it as a species of cat about the size of a hare, noted its remarkable hind legs and described in considerable detail the abdominal pouch for the young and the use of it.

Radio Boys! Read This!

FULL directions to construct a Flewelling radio receiver will be published in our next number. Dubbed the "flivver" set, this is the most wonderful receiver in the world. Nothing can equal it for range, clearness and volume of sound. No loud speaker needed. It does not cost as much to build as it does to make most other not as good receivers. The article next week will give you the cost of each necessary article and plain, simple directions to make a receiver. By carefully following these directions you cannot fail to make the set work.

Watch for the instructions in this Weekly

NEXT WEEK!

The Vanishing Of Val Vane

— Or, —

THE TROUBLES OF A BOY MILLIONAIRE

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

The first thing was to find the road, and he stood for a while listening, hoping to catch some sound which would give him a clue, but the only sound which reached his ears was the continued crowing of a rooster at a distance.

This might mean the miners' camp, where there were plenty of chickens. Val resolved to go in the opposite direction, and he had not advanced far when he came to the end of the level land on which he had been walking, the ground ahead of him descending abruptly.

"I'll get down into the valley on general principles," thought the boy. "There ought to be a road at the foot of the mountain, anyway."

He struggled on down the slope. All that Val had been through had not been calculated to improve his personal appearance. His clothes were dusty and both coat and trousers had been torn, the latter quite badly. His linen was much soiled, he needed shaving. In short, Val had much the appearance of a Hill Billie himself and the scramble down the mountain made matters worse, for his coat catching on a brier bush was torn half off his back.

It seemed as if he never would reach the foot of the slope, but at last he knew that he must be almost upon a road of some sort, for he caught the regular tramp of many feet and suddenly a voice called out:

"Company, halt! Ground arms! Break ranks!"

Then the tramping ceased and many voices began talking.

"It's the soldiers!" thought Val. "I've run right into them."

He advanced with all caution, as yet not having been able to see them.

"If any of you fellows want to go in swimming go ahead!" the voice of the officer called out.

Val stole on and soon came to the edge of the woods where he could see something. Peering out from behind a clump of bushes he counted sixty of the State troops. Some thirty or so were undressing, preparing for a swim in a long, narrow lake which looked most inviting to Val, who would have given much to be able to join them.

These promptly plunged in and swam about, calling, shouting, splashing each other and having a fine time. Two officers sat on a rock very close to Val's hiding place and talked of their own affairs; presently they began speaking of the fight the night before, and Val learned of the complete rout of the miners under Alfred McCutcheon.

"I tell you, Captain Davis, there is only one way to permanently down these fellows," said the younger officer, "and that's to catch that old sinner Father John. It's he who has put them up to it all and keeps them stirred up all the time."

"You don't tell me, Bill," sneered the captain. "Don't you suppose I know all that? Haven't my spies been everywhere? I know my business, boy."

"I'm sure I didn't mean any offence, sir," replied the younger man, sulkily.

"That's all right, my boy. When I want your advice I'll ask for it. You don't happen to know my errand this morning, but I'll tell you. We are out for no other purpose than to scoop in that same blind prophet."

"So? And if you get him——"

The captain gave a short laugh.

"Oh, don't bother me with questions, Bill," he replied. "If we get him Father John will never stir up the Hill Billies again, that's all. Some accident is bound to happen before many hours are passed."

"Orders?" asked Bill.

"There you go again," retorted the captain. "Yes, orders, if you must know. I got them direct from Mr. Dubey before he left for New York."

"When is he coming back? Do you know?"

"I understand he is expected back to-day. Come, let's walk up the lake a way and we'll have a dip ourselves if we can find a spot where we can have a little privacy."

They walked away leaving Val sadly puzzled as to what he ought to do.

"That old man saved my life," he thought. "I must do something. It's surely up to me to save him if I can."

Easy to say it, but how?

Of course Val had not the most remote idea where to look for the blind prophet. It seemed to him that there was nothing he could do and yet he felt that he must make the attempt.

"I want to cut in ahead of them," he reasoned. "If I follow this road and go as fast as I can I shall have a good start. It's not likely they will leave here under half an hour."

He started at once, keeping inside the tree line. He had not gone far before the road turned away from the lake extending on up the mountain.

Val now came out into the open and hurried forward with all speed.

His hope was to meet some mountaineer to whom he could confide what he had overheard.

He had covered something over a mile when he saw coming towards him a plainly dressed girl of about his own age. She stopped short when she saw Val and eyed him keenly, then resumed her walk.

As she drew nearer Val saw that she was very pretty, being a perfect blonde, with regular features and large blue eyes. It seemed to our young millionaire that he had never seen a more beautiful face. He resolved to speak to her, and as they came together he raised his cap and stopped.

"May I ask if you belong here on the mountain, miss?" he said.

(To be continued.)

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

BANK PAYS OLD CHECK

After carrying a check in his pocket for nine years, William Haynes of Colusa, Cal., presented it for payment at a local bank. The check was given to Haynes by C. Cecil, a resident of Colusa, by whom Haynes was employed.

Haynes carried the check and Cecil's accounts did not balance because of the check. A few days ago Haynes decided to present the check at the bank. When asked by the bank if the check was good, Cecil replied, "As good as gold. Shoot it through."

OJIBWAYS IN "HIAWATHA"

Members of the Ojibway Indians living on the outskirts of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., have begun rehearsing for a presentation of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," on the banks of the river in August during the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the discovery of the Sault and Lake Superior.

"Pawiting" (The Rapids), old Indian name of the city, was visited more than a decade ago by Longfellow's daughter and a party of friends.

Longfellow never was in the Sault, writing his famous poem from stories told him by an Ojibway chief whom he met in New York. The Ojibway presentation will be spoken in their own tongue.

CIVIL WAR VETERAN REGAINS DRUM

Reminiscences of the Civil War permeated the West Side Court-room, New York, the other day, when Samuel Hodkinson, a 79-year-old veteran, sought a drum he had beaten under Gen. Grant at Vicksburg. He lent the drum last year to Baker Post, Sons of Veterans, for the Memorial Day parade. Edward Kessler, of No. 534 West 48th street, played it. Afterward Hodkinson could not get the drum back. So he went to court.

Many Civil War veterans listened to Hodkinson's recital of the history of the drum. He enlisted as a drummer boy when he was seventeen and was with the 63d Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Hodkinson became a lieutenant, but cherished his drum. He had his papers in court.

Kessler said the drum had been turned over to him to use by William Charrock, commander of Baker Post. He assured Magistrate Sweeter he would return it, and the magistrate said if it were not returned he would issue a warrant.

Hodkinson went to Kessler's home and got his drum. Hodkinson is a great admirer of Grant. He explained to the court that was the reason he lived in Grantwood, N. J., opposite Grant's Tomb.

BREEDS QUEEN BEES

Raising and selling queen bees brings to E. B. Ault an annual revenue of more than \$50,000, and most of this is profit. Mr. Ault's queen bee farm is near Calallen, Tex., and is in its twelfth year of successful operation. He ships the queen

bees all over the United States and to foreign lands, including Australia, Japan and countries of Europe and South America. He also ships many colonies of working bees.

Breeding queen bees is done partly by artificial means. There would be no money in the industry if the natural breeding method of the bees were depended on for queens, it is explained. It was discovered that the working bees, like carpenters, performed their work according to the plans and specifications of the architect; so Mr. Ault began building large cells for queens in the artificial wax comb foundation. These queen cells are then filled and produce queens, according to the foundation specifications.

As a result of this artificial method Mr. Ault obtains about 100 queens from every hive of 2,000 to 3,000 working bees, instead of only one queen. The bees are fooled, but they do not seem to mind it.

Queen bees vary in price. When the demand is slow they sell for as low as \$1, but ordinarily they bring \$2.50 to \$2.75 each. Just now there is an extraordinary good demand for them and the price is on the upward trend.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS

SPARKS DISAPPEAR

Passing of the spark transmitter in favor of continuous wave transmission for amateur wireless stations was indicated in the American Radio Relay League traffic report last year. Out of a total of 121,592 messages handled by members of the league 108,813, or 89 per cent., went through the air over the continuous wave route.

FRENCH FANS

The opening of the station at Eiffel Tower over a year ago for broadcasting purposes brought much joy to the continent and England, but not to the French Department of Communications, which controls the wire systems there.

In Paris alone it is reported that more than 200 telephone receivers are "lifted" every day and never returned. The radio fans are blamed.

SPIRITS TO EVADE THE ETHER

From a radiophone station in Chicago spirit messages will be broadcast to spiritualists throughout the country, Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, of Chicago, told delegates attending the fifteenth annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Spiritualist Association.

Mrs. Cadwallader said she and John Slader, a Chicago medium, had made plans to broadcast all messages received from spirits during the convention.

The delegates adopted a resolution recommending legislation to recognize spiritualism as a religion.

DANGER IN THE AIR

"Is it advisable to take the antenna down during the summer in order to protect the set from being struck by lightning?" This is a popular question of this season of the year.

The danger from lightning may be reduced to a minimum providing proper safeguards are adopted. There is no more danger from the antenna being struck by lightning than there is from the telephone or electric light wires running into the house. An antenna properly grounded serves as a lightning rod gradually letting the static charges leak away to the ground before they have a chance to gather and attract an opposite charge from the clouds. It is estimated that a radio antenna not only protects the house with which it is connected but the surrounding area equal to the size of a city block. Every owner of a radio antenna should have a feeling of safety during an electric storm.

WIRELESS TO CARRY 3,000 MILES

When the steamship Leviathan points her prow Europeward in June on her maiden trip under the flag of the United States Lines, she will be able to radio directly to the continent before she has passed the Statue of Liberty.

The Radio Corporation of America announced that a contract had just been signed with the

United States Shipping Board to install on the Leviathan the most powerful and elaborate steamship wireless apparatus in the world—an equipment six times more powerful than that on the average ocean greyhound, with a range of 3,000 miles and more.

A special emergency set will also be installed to add to the element of safety and two of the lifeboats will be fitted with emergency radio apparatus.

The Leviathan will also be fitted with a radio telephone giving voice contact with other vessels and shore stations.

UV-199 CONNECTIONS

The UV-199 should be mounted in a vertical position. Not more than forty volts "B" battery should be used when this tube operates as a detector. Critical adjustment of the plate voltage is not required. When used as an amplifier it is important that the filament rheostat be connected in the negative filament lead and that the return lead from the grid circuit be connected to the negative side of the "A" battery and not to the negative side of the filament. A plate voltage from 40 to 80 volts can be used when the UV-199 serves as an amplifier. The base of this tube is the same general design as the standard four-prong base. It is of smaller diameter and an adapter has been developed so the tube will fit the standard sockets.

In the case of portable sets using three cell flashlight batteries, it is recommended that one set of three flashlight cells be used for each tube in the set. It is immaterial whether each tube is wired separately to one of the batteries or whether they are all placed in parallel, provided separate rheostat control is made for each tube. If separate rheostat control is not employed for each tube and only one common rheostat is used, the batteries should be connected in parallel. If a six volt storage battery is employed to light the filament the resistance should be at least sixty ohms.

EASE AND DISTANCE

Some of the new circuits look more formidable than they really are.

The reflex circuit because of its simplicity, economy in its vacuum tubes and great amplifying ability, is one of the most popular radio circuits developed. Located in New York a reflex set has picked up loud signals from Iowa and Illinois and as far south as Georgia. It is very selective and the tuning adjustments simple.

The following parts are necessary: A standard variometer, one .001 mfd variable condenser, one .005 mfd variable condenser, two .001 mfd mica fixed condensers, one .002 mfd mica fixed condensers, an amplifying tube, audio frequency amplifying transformer, galena detector, "A" battery, "A" battery rheostat, 45 volt "B" battery and phones. Coils A, B and C are wound on the same cardboard tube 3½ inches in diameter. No.

26 double cotton-covered wire is used for the winding. Coil A has 35 turns; coil B 50 turns; coil C 35 turns. Coils A and B are connected by a wire running inside the tube. A space of a quarter of an inch is left between the winding of coils A and B and between coils B and C. Tuning is done by the variometer and the variable condensers.

The signals produced with this circuit are exceptionally clear and free from distortion because of the crystal detector, which eliminates much of the noise created by tubes and batteries. The condensers in the circuit are extremely important.

We have no space to show diagrams here, but any radio storekeeper will show you how to assemble the set, and any boy with a little knowledge of tools can make the set and get great satisfaction from working it.

INEXPENSIVE RECEIVING SET

The simplest form of detector is the crystal detector. You will enjoy clear, distortionless music, without the howls and whistles as created by the vacuum tube detector. Wiring is needed for a crystal detector, variometer, .001 mfd mica condenser and a pair of phones. If a vacuum tube set is substituted for the crystal set later, the variometer and phones can be made part of the equipment, so it is a good plan to buy reliable and well-designed instruments in the beginning. The ideal antenna for broadcast receiving is a single copper wire about 100 feet long, including the length of the lead-in wire. The higher the antenna the louder will be the signals. An indoor antenna or light socket will not give satisfactory results in connection with a crystal set. The ground connection should be firmly clamped to a clean surface on the radiator or cold water pipe.

All tuning is done by the variometer. The detector can be adjusted to its most sensitive position by a buzzer test before the concert begins. A buzzer test consists of an ordinary electric buzzer dry battery and push button. The vibrator point of the buzzer is connected to the ground wire. Place the buzzer in a box and pack it with cotton so the sound of the buzzer can be heard only in the phone. When the push button closes the circuit the little wire, called the "cat whisker," is moved over the surface of the crystal until the buzz is loudest in the phones. The operator then knows the set is adjusted without waiting until the concert begins to search about for the most sensitive spot on the crystal. The average range of a crystal set is about twenty-five miles.

AGE OF THE RADIO

There are many of our readers who are curious about the development of radio for whom this article was written. Like every other great invention the progress of the science was slow and gradual, built up little by little from fragments of discovery until at length it came into universal use.

The first induction system had its origin in the British Isles where a quarter of a mile range of radiophony was attained by an investigator. This experiment was then considered marvellous, and

the experiments in that country were continued through the year 1885. Nine years later the experimenters working on the conduction system transmitted messages more than one mile and a half successfully. The induction system was tried out by the collieries in 1897, and sent messages from the surface of the mines down to a depth of 350 feet to the mine galleries. Two years afterward this system attained a range of eight miles. Other experiments cropped up, and in 1900 A. F. Collins produced the electrostatic system, covering two hundred feet with it, and this range was increased the same year to three miles. Meantime German inventors were busy, and in 1902 Professor Ruhmer produced a photophone which covered a distance of twenty miles at Kiel. The year 1906 brought R. A. Fessenden into the limelight with a high frequency generator having a twenty-mile range. In the same year the Telefunken system was put in operation over a distance of twenty miles. A year later Fessenden improved his until one hundred miles was its limit.

Colin-Jeanee, in 1901, with an arc system in the Eiffel Tower in France station, developed an arc oscillation generator and liquid microphone system that created a stir when he communicated from Rome to Sicily, which is a distance of three hundred miles, through the ether. Right on top of it came Poulson's arc transmitter covering one hundred and fifty miles with ease. Twelve months afterward Colin-Jeanee improved his invention by seventy miles. In America in 1910 a man named H. P. Dwyer employed a successful system that transmitted 500 miles from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Next year the radiophone in Germany sent a message 350 miles to Vienna, Austria. Men in Italy were working on radio, and in 1911 G. Vanni, using an arc oscillation generator and liquid microphone radiated from Rome to Tripoli, a matter of about six hundred miles. The following year a message was sent five hundred and fifty miles from Nauen, Germany. Back in America, in 1915, the 2,500-mile distance between New York and California was spanned with an oscillation wax transmitter. In the same year the Arlington naval station using vacuum tube oscillators successfully transmitted a message 5,000 miles to Honolulu, Hawaii. After a lapse of three years radiophones attained a range of one hundred miles between airships while flying at a distance of 150 miles between a ground station and a plane in flight. It was not until 1919 that Canada and England were in communication by means of the vacuum tube system. Considerable credit is due to Dr. J. A. Fleming, consulting electrical engineer of London, who invented the two element thermionic vacuum valve detector. The invention of the grid in 1906 by Lee De Forest was the next greatest discovery to complete Fleming's tube. But fans owe a lot to Edwin H. Armstrong, who developed the vacuum tube circuit named after him, as his circuit is largely responsible for the popularity of amateur radios.

NEXT WEEK — Instructions to build the loudest and cheapest radio ever invented.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, JUNE 13, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

TRAIN WOLVES FOR PETS

That pet wolves may replace poodles and other breeds of small dogs now so popular among society women is a possibility. If the plans of Lord Auckland of England, now stopping at the Pickwick Arms Hotel, Greenwich, Conn., are carried out. Helen is the name of a pet Montana wolf, aged 11 months, which Lord Auckland has as his companion at the hotel. She rooms with him and is a great favorite among the hotel guests. Lord Auckland expects to leave for the Middle West within a few days to make a business of raising wolves, which he will introduce into society in New York and elsewhere, and he believes that it will become a hobby among women to acquire these wolves when young and have them as pets.

Lord Auckland says that the wolf can be taught to become just as warm a friend to his master or mistress as a dog.

HORSES LIKE TOBACCO

Dick, Nigger and Mage, horses owned by the R. T. Jones Lumber Company of North Tona-wanda, N. Y., claim the record for tobacco chewing horses of the world. Dick, the pet of the firm, has indulged in chewing the weed for more than twenty years. Although he didn't say so, he probably accredits his longevity to that fact. On smelling tobacco in a man's pocket, Dick will follow the man until a chew is given to him. If the possessor of the wanted weed does not donate, Dick goes into his pocket after it.

A man who once gives this horse a chew is sure to be remembered and will be followed by Dick every time the horse sees him. The only way to throw him off is to come across with the tobacco. During his years in the service of the company, Dick has taught the bad habit to Nigger and Mage, his fellow work horses.

ROBBERS LOOT DRUGSTORE

Two dapper young men wearing caps and rain-coats entered Harry B. Cherry's drugstore at 315 Alexander avenue, the Bronx, N. Y., and

walked over to where the druggist was chatting with Dr. Henry Wonner of 293 Alexander avenue. Drawing revolvers, the young men poked them into the ribs of the two and forced them into a rear room where Nathan Lurie, a clerk, was compounding a prescription.

One thief stood guard while the other went through the pockets of the three. He took \$150 and a gold watch and chain, valued at \$150 more, from Dr. Wonner; \$90 from Cherry and \$2 from Lurie, who explained that he had gone home and changed clothes because of the rain and had left most of his money there. After taking \$110 more from two cash registers in the front of the store—including \$10 from the funds of subpostal station 96, the bandits entered a waiting automobile and sped south on Alexander avenue, passing the Alexander avenue police station. No one thought to get the license number of their automobile.

LAUGHS

Willie Twickenham (who has been admitted a few moments to his mother's afternoon tea)—Say, I've just thought of a splendid conundrum. Why is all the silver here to-day like our new man? The Guests—Oh, why, Willie? Willie (triumphantly)—'Cause they're both hired.

She had just imported one of those Swiss inventions, a half clock, half music box, which played a tune at every hour. At 1 a. m. it struck up "Home, Sweet Home." He—Gee! That sounds sort of suggestive. She—Stick around. The next is, "Oh, Say, Can You See by the Dawn's Early Light?"

"I understand," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "dat dey has invented a machine for washin' an' ironin' money." "Go 'long, man," replied Miss Miami Brown. "You knows des as well as I does dese white folks ain' g-ineter leave no clothes lines full o' two-dollar bills hangin' out in de yard."

A farmer boy and his best girl were seated in a buggy one evening in town, watching the people pass. Near by was a popcorn-vendor's stand. Presently the lady remarked: "My! that popcorn smells good!" "That's right," said the gallant. "I'll drive up a little closer so you can smell it better."

"Now, in order to subtract," the teacher explained, "things have always to be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs." "Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"

Our next issue will contain simple instructions to make a Flewelling "flivver" radio.

HERE AND THERE

HOW THEY TRAIN ANIMALS AS SPIES

The use of animals as spies has been a military art practiced in Japan from remote times. The animals so used were the dog, fox and rat, which were trained for the purpose.

Naturalists say that the fox can be trained even to imitate the human voice, and the power of the animal in this direction is very effective, especially when trained to utter low sounds. It is only common knowledge that dogs and cats can be trained to understand human speech. If you order a dog to approach you when he knows full well you intend to punish him he again reveals to a wonderful degree an accurate knowledge of your mind. In order to win the confidence of animals and then train them one has to be kind and gentle toward them. Animals are most susceptible to affection, and readily averse to the opposite, even beasts of prey.

The fox is reckoned among the most clever of the wild animals in Japan. When a military officer desired to ascertain certain geographical facts as to the situation of a camp or fortress held by the enemy, he found the dog or fox his most efficient spy.

In feudal times certain places were always guarded, and all travellers passing either way through these barriers were strictly examined, while other likely places had watchmen hidden; but the entire country could not be so covered. For this purpose the ubiquitous fox was utilized. Human spies guarded the pathways over the mountains and across the plains, but the fox guarded the wilds and other pathless regions. The fox is small and not easily seen; he knows every foot of the country he traverses. Always on the trail, the animal spy follows the human spy.

When the fox or the spy dog perceives or detects the presence of a human being in the course of his patrol he utters a faint sound, which his master behind understands and notes. The animal utters various sounds, and these are signals for the master to follow up or retire, as the case may require. The animal is trained to vary the cry whether the enemy is approaching or retreating. When the master finds he has lost the trail and cannot find his way out of the forest or mountain, he imitates the cry of a fox and gets a reply that guides him the way he desires to go. If he continues to cry or bark in a special way the fox will come to him and lead him aright.

Rats too were used as spies by the army officers of feudal Japan. The spy carried his pet rat in his sleeve. On approaching the position to be espied upon he let the animal go free. The rat was trained to pick up any bit of paper it could find and bring it back to its master. In this way much valuable information was obtained.

WALLED PLAINS OF THE MOON

There is nothing on earth to compare with the great walled plains so abundant on the moon.

Our level land is usually near the sea or else is clearly the work of standing water. Broad, gently sloping stretches are unknown upon the moon. As far as we know no water has ever existed there to form them. Astronomers seek in vain for evidences of even the smallest lake.

Walled plains on the moon resemble geological features of the earth in their formation; but they carry the process much further.

Imagine that we were on the moon millions of years ago while it was still an active globe. The hard crust we walk on is dark but baking hot. Hundreds of fumaroles (holes from which smoke or gases issue) are in sight about us, each blowing steam and acid like the mud valve of an engine. We must leap fissures at every few steps. The bottom of the larger cracks grow dully red, revealing internal fires not many rods below.

Although there are steam vents around us, yet there is no air. The vapors come to the surface, explode themselves and vanish in hot nothingness a few yards above their origin.

Rocks are falling here and there; stinging dust pelts us in the face; far off beyond the horizon we see the vapors of some gigantic volcano. We see steam come billowing up; we watch a red glare on the lower side of its clouds; we feel the pulse and jar of each mighty boom.

Walking along, we leave the level surface and enter a region of ropy lava. Before us, thirty miles away, a row of jagged crags project like teeth above the notched horizon. Struggling along over the gnarled beds, and keeping to the smoother channels as much as possible, we at length arrive at the crest of the peaks before us and look over.

Beneath us is a lake of fire 200 miles wide. Great tossing rollers surge on it like stormy water in an earthly sea. The waves are made of molten rock; the pit is a volcanic cauldron. Lava from deep below well up, forced to the surface by dynamic forces of the moon. The tossing red-hot sea reaches further than our eyes can see. It has a horizon of fire, a glowing furnace over which blue and yellow flames are dancing, a line where blazing moon and night black sky appear to meet.

There is no breach to this fiery sea, no slanting way down to the waves. Instead, the walls rise clearly. Crags jut abruptly from the lava, towering black shapes that glow with red reflections. Against these cliffs the lava dashes furiously. Great white-hot breakers come rushing in; they meet the steeps, they dash themselves into a blazing shower, hurled high up.

This scene is still before astronomers, but death instead of life is master now. The sea is frozen solid, a gray-green level plain surrounded by steep fire-scarred precipices.

Don't miss the next number. It will contain the finest radio instructions ever written.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

PINE TREE SHILLINGS AND FRANKLIN CENTS

Have you ever in going over your change come across a three-cent or a two-cent piece? They are rarer now than they were ten years ago but there's never any telling what queer kinds of coin may not turn up.

The Pine Tree shilling goes back before the Revolution, when an American master of the mint without authority from England turned out these little thin silver pieces with the spreading pine tree on one side. The story goes that he promised as his daughter's dowry her weight in shillings, so he plumped her on one side of the scales and honorably piled higher and higher his pine trees until she came up in the balance.

The cent with the head of Benjamin Franklin was the first coin of the United States Government. Its motto is "Mind your business." Franklin took characteristic interest in the inscriptions to be put on the new coins. There is an old letter of his suggesting: "Honesty is the best policy," "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee," "A penny saved is a penny got," and "He that buys what he has no use of will soon be forced to sell his necessities." Indeed it was not until 1873 that the familiar "E Pluribus Unum" and "In God We Trust" was stamped on our pennies and nickels and dimes.

A hundred and fifty years ago Spanish and Dutch and English and French and Portuguese money was perfectly acceptable in this country, but from the very early days American coins have always borne by law some inscription "emblematic of liberty."

DUTCH BRICK BY THE MILLION

Some 5,000,000 bricks a week are coming into Brooklyn from Holland and the adjacent sections of Germany, and in spite of the transatlantic trip and the 10 per cent. tariff are supplying a very active and energetic competition with the domestic-made product.

These Dutch bricks, delivered on the job and stacked, are being sold to builders in the boro at a price varying between \$1 and \$2 per thousand below what is asked for the American kind. The Holland brick of the average quality is sold at \$22 a thousand, the American at \$23 and \$24. In addition, some of these Dutch bricks are good enough to be used for "face" or outside work, and when so used effect a saving of \$15 to \$18 a thousand as compared to American bricks.

According to a statement made in the office of the Associated Builders of Kings County to-day labor unions and building employers in the boro are so-operating in obtaining a sufficient supply of the foreign brick to overcome the shortage in the North River supply and keep the building activities in Brooklyn going. Five or six times as large a quantity of the imported brick is being used by the Brooklyn builders as those in Manhattan.

Holland is able to compete with America in

brick-making, in the American field, partly because of the lower cost of labor abroad, but chiefly because Masstricht, The Hague, Delft and other cities of the Netherlands have been in the brick-making business for centuries and have attained an expertness in the business which Americans have not yet been able to reach.

Included in the Dutch and German bricks imported here is a white variety, of sand and limestone, used largely for courtyards and fences, of which 2,000,000 a week are brought in. These are often used here not only for inside and for rear walls, but for face or front walls as well.

The bricks are brought here as ship ballast, and at a very low freight charge.

"VOLCANIC GARDEN" OF ALASKA ACTIVE

Pavlof Volcano, reported recently to have lost its entire top in a mighty explosion, and latest of the world's peaks to break into eruption, has, like Mount Katmai, which blew up in 1912, again put America's great Alaskan "volcano garden" on the map, says a bulletin of the National Geographic Society.

"This peak is in a region in which volcanoes and one-time volcanoes are as thick as prairie dog mounds on a Western plain," the bulletin says, "but most of the time they are dormant. It is as though nature were playing a gigantic game of drop-the-handkerchief with fire from below, for after delays of greater or less length up pops a molten stream unexpectedly through some peak, which perhaps has not erupted in hundreds of years."

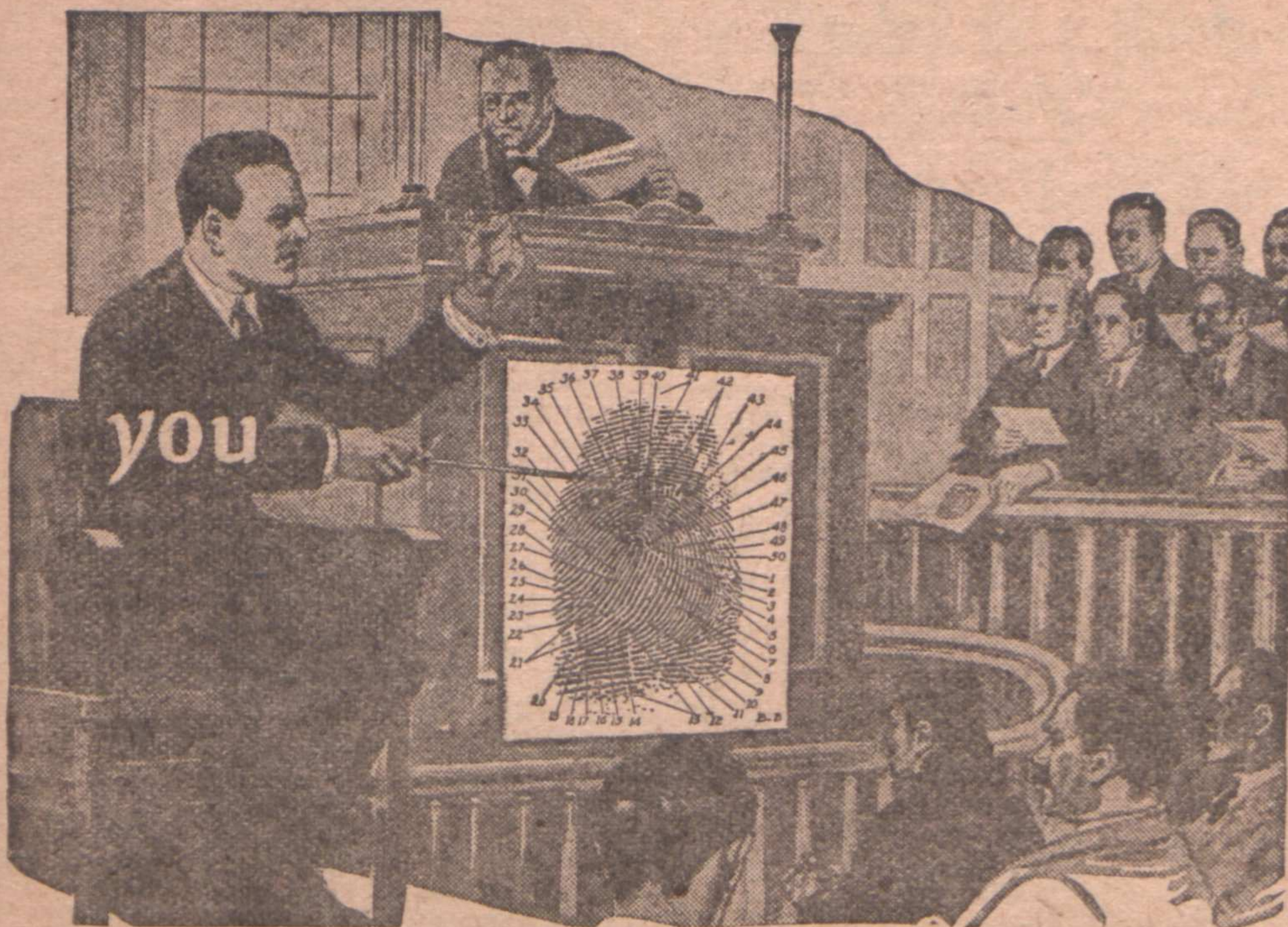
This seems to have been the case with Pavlof. It is situated almost at the tip of the long, narrow Alaskan peninsula that stretches out toward Asia and sends its offsprings, the Aleutian Islands, almost to the shores of that continent. For years vessels have passed near it and no activity other than a slight smoking has been observed.

Pavlof is one of the great series of volcanoes that connects this continent with Japan, it is pointed out, the interesting and scientifically important fact of which is that it crosses ranges of the country's highest mountains and again appears from out of the sea's depths.

Dr. Robert F. Griggs, who led five expeditions into the Alaskan volcanic region for the society and who recently published his report in popular form, said only a few months ago of the region:

"No man may predict how long the present quiescent condition will continue on Bogoslof, the most active of these volcanoes. From past experience it is evident that a new upheaval is likely to occur at any time. It is probable, however, that the next great eruption will come not from Bogoslof or Katmai, but from some of the half hundred unknown peaks.

"The eruption of Pavlof seems to vindicate the prediction. There has been no real eruption there since long before Alaska passed from Russian hands to those of the United States in 1867. The most recent outbreak was reported by a Russian observer in 1790.



\$2500 REWARD

for the Conviction of—

WHO murdered John Blake? The country was stunned by the crime mystery of the year. A rich reward was offered. There were clues a-plenty. Circumstantial evidence pointed to a dozen men. But the District Attorney didn't dare bring any one of them to trial. Then the Finger Print Expert stepped in!

With feverish excitement the crowd in the courtroom listened. Judge, jury, attorneys and onlookers leaned forward in strained silence, eager to catch every word. The young Finger Print Expert in the witness chair was the center of attraction, as with calm assurance, he gave the evidence that convicted the murderer, and brought him the \$2500 reward.

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AGENTS WANTED TO ADVERTISE our goods and distribute free samples to consumers; 90c. an hour; write for full particulars. American Products Co., 8462 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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PERSONAL—Continued

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